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PARTIES AND THE PUBLIC.

HAVING already laid down the proposition that what England wants is a strong Government, capable of finishing the war, and having warned our readers to treat mere "Parliamentary talent" with profound indifference,—it follows that we should inquire what other obstacles (besides controversial talk) we are likely to meet with in attaining the great object; for we must repeat, that everything ought to give way to the necessity of striking Russia down, and extracting terms from her. And though Palmerston may not be a purer or loftier statesman than other men, he is in a position to be ex-

tremely useful, and it is his interest to embody popular opinion, and enforce it in this matter. No doubt, he has enemies enough among Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, but he has the war with him; and these parties are all split up, partly by it, indeed, but partly by what is known in our days, and bewailed, as the decay of the party-system of England generally. Let us inquire into the nature and extent of this last evil, and see whether it is the worst evil now afflicting our political system.

Whigs and Tories owed their origin in England to the Civil War. With all the fluctuations of time, something of the original principles

of each always remained. A Whig took the popular, a Tory the royal side of the great Civil War question; but the Revolution of '88 having been essentially a Whig triumph, and the House of Hanover, on its accession, having been thrown into Whig hands, and taught to consider its reign dependent on Whig support, Crown and Tory were not so necessarily united as would seem natural. The Crown distrusted Tories as Jacobites. The last Tory of the old original school was the Bolingbroke class of men; but with the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, the hopes of the pure old Tories were broken up. From that time the Whigs, in one shape or another, ruled the country



HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SARDINIA AND STAFF.

for nearly fifty years. That period worked great changes—not only by the suppression of the Jacobite movements of '15 and '45, but by gradual and silent means. Toryism changed its form. Men who, in Anne's time, would have been Jacobites, transferred their monarchical sentiment to the new family. As the century advanced, entirely new questions came up. The French Revolution found things in a new position. The hopes of the King were now in the Tories; and in the new shape of Pittite Toryism, the Toryism of England reigned triumphant (with breaks scarcely worth mentioning) till the Reform Bill. The Whigs, during this time, had returned to their natural sphere as a popular party; the more violent of them were quite revolutionary—for party itself predominates over its better or theoretical part. A Whig in office remembers well that the Crown is necessary to the "balance of the Constitution;" out of office, he talks as if we were still threatened by a monarchy like that of the Tudors. A Tory in opposition has been known to talk almost like a republican. Hence the complaints found in political writers, that the distinctions of Whig and Tory have often ceased to be perceptible.

But, in modern times—those since the termination of the Revolutionary War—new forms have come up altogether; and though we still hear much of Whigs and Tories, we hear far more of Liberals and Conservatives. The change of names does not mean nothing, though a superficial smartness often affects to say so; it is the index of changes of fact. Those changes are derived from two great causes—the diminished power of the Crown, and the spread of what is loosely called democracy.

It is to Mr. Disraeli that the English people owe a striking exposition of the first of these causes, though the facts, and even the expressions (such as "Venetian" constitution, &c.), are found in previous writers. The Whigs held sway so long, that they learned the art of managing the sovereigns of England like puppets. It was perfectly natural. The first German sovereigns who came here knew nothing of our language or our institutions, and were as helpless as a landsman when he goes on board a ship. There was a perpetual scramble between half-a-dozen great families (the origin of whose power we may investigate on a future occasion) for place and plunder. George the Third, educated in England, tried to be King of England, but he was quite unsuccessful. He had ten Administrations in the first eight years or so; he was driven mad by his anxiety and annoyance, for he was a brave, earnest man, and meant well, though he was not a man of genius. A Guelph, born a man of genius, might perhaps have triumphed, as the House of Nassau did over the oligarchy of Holland, but the risk would have been awful, for an oligarchy can always play one game now-a-days—it can talk democracy. The families would hound on a "Junius" to persuade people that the King was the real danger, and would find believers now, in spite of Bulwer's "England and the English," and Disraeli, and all the rest of them.

After George the Third, the triumph was complete. George the Fourth was a mere sensualist, who cared neither for God nor man—none of those *ignava animalia quibus si cibum suggeras jacent torpent* ("ignoble animals, who, if you give them food, lie in a state of torpor"), as Tacitus says. The real living power of the Crown being gone, how can Crown *versus* Country be a ground of party struggle? How can Country *versus* Crown be a sensible man's cry? Let us give here the terms Whig and Tory, as defined, a hundred years ago, by David Hume:—

"A Tory, therefore, since the Revolution, may be defined, in a few words, to be a lover of monarchy, though without abandoning liberty, and a partisan of the House of Stuart; as a Whig may be defined to be a lover of liberty, though without renouncing monarchy, and a friend to the settlement in the Protestant line."

One sees at a glance that no such divisions could exist now. This Stuart family is at an end; the settlement in the Protestant line is safe as the Bank; the rest of both descriptions would suit any sensible man as well as another. "Liberals" and "Conservatives" came up as the result of something far deeper than these questions—the question of the permanence or the alteration of all old establishments whatever. The French Revolution is the modern act of facts; our Reform Bill was a result of it—as a great earthquake causes a number of little ones at enormous distances. The Reform Bill destroyed the second or Pittite Toryism, and the Whigs, having led the middle classes on that occasion, again seized power and place. Sickened by their incompetence and their greediness, the country kicked them out. Then came the period of Conservatism. Conservatism was a compromise; it was an attempt to make a kind of middle-class Toryism, in which the old features of historic Toryism were quite thrown by, and its old traditions neglected, while much of its language was talked. This system—or rather this personal ascendancy of Peel (which was the essence of the matter)—ended when Peel had to give up the Corn Laws. Since that time party decomposition has increased with frightful rapidity. Whiggism proper ended in a Coalition; Disraeli's new Toryism very few understand; and, in the middle of it all comes the war, which destroys the Tory Gladstone, Whig Russell, and Conservative Aberdeen, and (naturally enough) establishes the Government of a gentleman who nobody exactly knows what, except that he is a man of parts and luck, personally popular, and seems inclined to stick to the war. This is a landing-place, where people have ample opportunities of considering what Party is, and how they mean to act with regard to the future.

Nobody, we suppose, denies that we owe a great deal to the antagonism which has prevented either element of our Constitution from coming too powerful. Nobody can deny that the two great parties rose naturally out of our history, and once represented genuine forces. But there is a great deal to be said on the other side. From their very nature they have sacrificed much other excellence to their ambitions. While they have been struggling, rising and falling, our administration has been so bad that we have groaned under social abuses of every description, and have had a terrible task to do to shake up our state forces into a fit condition for a foreign war. Action has filled every parish with discord injurious to internal regulation, and has saddled the public with places, and filled the Parliament with men who make politics a trade. These are but a few of its abuses. It has virtually confined our choice of governing men to a few cliques or houses, and constantly, in a crisis, prevents able persons, by its punctillios and etiquette, from serving the country. It is not to be doubted, at all events, whether any artificial means should be used for its preservation? or whether it should even be much regretted by men who have no personal interests to serve by maintaining it?

Everything has its day. If Party cannot inspire men able enough to give it vitality, is it not a sign that its value is on the wane? Or, if it be dying, whose is the fault? A great and deep question would soon produce practical party divisions. Why lament over those which have done their work, and which, in practice, confine our choice to a few such persons as Lord John Russell? The war is helping England in this as in other matters. We welcome all that tries the spirit and

the parts of men—all wholesome fact, which demands action and not talk; and we fear that England has to go through a good deal of sharp trial before she arrives at that new kind of political vigour—which, somewhere or other, find she must—but which, unfortunately, this respectable old Party tradition failed to find for her when the war put it to the test.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

On the 28th ult., the city of Paris gave a splendid *fete* to the King of Sardinia, at the Hotel de Ville.

The King left Paris on the evening of the 29th ult., having previously invested Prince Napoleon with the Collar of the Order of the Annunciation, and conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Maurice and Saint Lazare on the Archbishop of Paris.

The *Montebello*, with five other steamers, arrived, on the 2nd inst., at Toulon, with the Imperial Guard on board.

The following circular has been addressed by Count Walewski to the diplomatic agents of France:—

"Monsieur,—According to the intelligence which reaches me from many parts of Germany, the speech uttered by the Emperor on the occasion of the closing of the Universal Exposition has produced, as it was easy to foresee, a profound impression. Nevertheless, it has not been appreciated everywhere alike, and it has become the subject of diverse interpretations. It bears, however, but one, and the neutral states cannot mistake sentiments which it is evident they can only commend.

The Emperor has said that he desired a prompt and durable peace. I have not to dwell upon this declaration—it explains itself, and needs no commentary.

In addressing neutral states, in order to invite them to offer wishes in this sense with him, his Imperial Majesty has given sufficient evidence of the value which he attaches to their opinion, and of the part which he assigns to their influence in the march of events. Such, in fact, has been his manner of viewing their position from the commencement of the diplomatic conflict which preceded hostilities. The Emperor has always thought that, if they had then more forcibly defined their opinions upon the subject in dispute, they would have exercised a salutary action upon the determinations of the Power that provoked the war. Their position has undergone no change in the eyes of his Imperial Majesty, and they can to-day, by a firm and decided attitude, hasten the denouement of a contest which, in his conviction, they might have prevented.

"It is with this thought that the Emperor requests them to boldly make known their dispositions towards the belligerent Powers, and to put the weight of their opinion in the scales of the respective forces. This appeal, so well understood and so warmly received by an audience composed of representatives of all nations, is in truth but a solemn homage paid to the importance and the efficacy of the role devolving upon neutrals in the actual crisis."

(Signed)

"WALEWSKI."

General Canrobert arrived in Paris on Sunday night. He had an interview soon after with the Emperor, and subsequently with the Ministers.

The Vienna correspondent of the "Times" gives, from a "highly credible" informant, some remarks on General Canrobert's mission:—"The main object," he said, "of General Canrobert's mission, is the furtherance of the cause of peace. The Emperor Napoleon hopes that Russia will see the necessity for yielding before the arrival of spring, as, if she should remain obstinate, Sweden and Denmark will join the coalition, and assume a warlike attitude. No explanation could be obtained of what was meant by 'a warlike attitude,' but the probability is, that a new edition of the famous treaty a year ago concluded between the Western Powers and Austria is about to be given to the world."

The Emperor Napoleon has presented to the Princess Royal of England the fan once belonging to Marie Antoinette, and to the Prince of Wales a small watch, of which the case is composed of a single ruby split in half.

SPAIN.

The committee of the Cortes elected to report on the Tariff Reform Bill has chosen Senor Olozaga as its president. The Catalan manufacturers are stirring in opposition, and meetings have been held at Barcelona to forward an exposition against the measure addressed to the Duke de la Victoria. In this document the injuries which will be inflicted by it on the manufacturing interests are to be set forth, and the petitioners ask that the discussion on the bill may be suspended. On the other hand, a proposition in a more liberal sense than the Ministerial measure of tariff reform will be submitted to the Cortes.

The Cortes have decided, by 120 votes against 57, to re-establish the Council of State as a corporation to be consulted by the Government on important occasions. This body was suppressed after the revolution of 1854, having for some years previously been denominated *Consejo Real*.

A committee, composed of three members of the Provincial Deputation of Barcelona and three members of the Corporation is occupied with the definitive settlement of the question relative to the National Guard of that city.

Letters from Catalonia state that the Carlist band under the Tristanyas, has dwindled down to 40,27 of whom are officers. It has been announced that the Tristany Cabecillas would very speedily return to France.

On the 1st inst., the Democrats in the Cortes attacked Marshal O'Donnell, but the majority of the Cortes repelled their efforts by a majority of 107 to 6.

The sale of the national property was very actively going on, and the payment of the next half-yearly dividend was assured.

AUSTRIA.

The brutal attack made by Captain Krafka on Dr. Schramm, at Tergowitz, in Wallachia, has made a great noise at Vienna, as it is felt to be dangerous to meddle with persons under French protection; and the offender will, it is concluded, be dismissed from the service.

A letter from Vienna states that Episcopal conferences will commence there in the month of March next, having for their object the execution of the Concordat. It will depend upon the decisions then taken whether ecclesiastical tribunals shall be established charged with questions relating to mixed marriages.

Baron Jellachich, Ban of Croatia, arrived at Vienna on the 27th ult. from Agram. On the same day, Baron Burger, Governor of Lombardy, left Vienna for Milan.

Mr. Henry Jackson, the United States Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna, has been appointed, by his Government, Minister Plenipotentiary to that Court.

The "Verona Gazette," of the 25th Nov., contains a decree from Field-Marshal Radetzky, declaring the provincial delegations of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, which had hitherto only existed provisionally, to be a permanent institution.

PRUSSIA.

The 9th ult. being the day appointed for the opening of the two Chambers, or, as they are in future to be called, the two Houses of the Diet (*die beiden Häuser des Landtags*), the King opened them in person in the White Saloon of the Palace, and delivered a speech, of which the following is the political portion:—

"The continuance of political complications compels us to maintain our armaments yet another year, although upon a less extensive scale than twelve months ago. Gentlemen, to my sincere regret, the contest that has broken out among several European powers, and which I deplored in this place last year, is not yet finished. Our country in the meantime is still in this place the asylum of peace. I hope to God that it will continue so, and that I shall succeed in saving the honour and power of Prussia without causing the country to endure the heavy burden of war. I am proud to know that there is no people more ready than my own to take up arms, nor more disposed to make sacrifices, when it becomes requisite to remove any real danger affecting its honour and interests. This consoling conviction imposes on me the duty, while faithfully maintaining the declarations I have made, not to enter into any engagements the full political and military bearing of which cannot be foreseen.

"In the position assumed by Prussia, Austria, and the Germanic Confederation, it is to be found a serious pledge for the maintenance of an independent attitude, conciliatory on all sides, and calculated to pave the way for an equitable and lasting peace, thanks to a sincere benevolence and an impartial estimate of situations."

RUSSIA.

On the arrival of the Emperor Alexander at Tzarskoe-Selo, on his return from the south, not only Count Nesselrode, with the Secretary of State, and various Senators, repaired to the Imperial residence there, but also the Adjutants-General Count Orloff, Count Adlerberg, Baron Lieven, and

Prince Bariatinski, who had all accompanied the Emperor on his journey.

Whatever the result of the conferences held on this occasion, the Emperor is understood to have brought back from the south anything but a lukewarm determination to prosecute the war. The time which the Allies have required to get possession of Sebastopol has enabled the Russians to fortify and strengthen a number of positions, which seem to have inspired the Emperor and suite with great confidence in the power of Prince Gortschakoff to hold them under all emergencies.

Nicholaieff is described as having been put into a state of defence very satisfactory to those interested in its not being taken, and it is intended that the winter shall be turned to good account in further strengthening it, as well as Cronstadt.

The betrothal of the Grand Duke Nicholas, younger brother of the Emperor Alexander II., with the Princess of Oldenburg, daughter of Prince Peter of Oldenburg, was celebrated on the 26th ult. at St. Petersburg. Prince Peter is son of the Grand Duchess Catherine, who married the King of Wurtemberg, father of Queen Sophia of the Netherlands.

M. Fonton, the Russian Minister at the Court of Hanover, has just been summoned in haste to St. Petersburg, by Count Nesselrode.

DENMARK.

GENERAL CANROBERT had a private audience of the King on the afternoon of the 26th. The General was conveyed to the Palace in one of the court carriages, accompanied by the aide-de-camp to his Majesty. More than 200 persons had collected in the court-yard of the hotel, and loudly cheered the General as he entered the carriage. The audience lasted half an hour, after which the Secretary to the Imperial Legation, and the Commander of the *Pelican*, were presented to his Majesty by the French Minister. At five o'clock the corps diplomatique (with the exception of the Russian Charge d'Affaires), the members of the Cabinet, the grand officers of the Crown, the Generals and Admirals, and the most eminent functionaries, who had been invited to a grand dinner given in honour of General Canrobert, assembled in the royal apartments. The French General was placed at the side of the King. During the repast his Majesty, who wore the insignia of the Legion of Honour, proposed the health of the Emperor, the band striking up the French national air of "Paris pour la Syrie." In the evening the General was present at a grand ball given by the Landgravine William on the occasion of the birth of her son. On the 27th, General Canrobert visited the military establishments of the capital, accompanied by the Minister of War. The General, after an audience of the Queen Dowager, was present, with the *personnel* of the Legation, at a dinner given to him by the hereditary Prince and Princess of Denmark, at a soirée at the residence of Prince Christian of Denmark.

A Paris correspondent of the "Emancipation" of Brussels affirms that the General has succeeded at Copenhagen as well as at Stockholm, but says at the same time that he was not instructed to ask so much from the King of Denmark as from the King of Sweden. It is said Sweden and Denmark are to maintain the free exportation of corn, the supply in these two countries being more than sufficient for home consumption.

SICILY.

THE King has ordered the execution of an undertaking of great public utility. The Lake Averno is to be formed into a military port, and put into communication with the Lacine Lake and the sea, by means of a junction canal which is to run into the port of Bija, near Pozzuoli. The object of this important work is, in the first place, to render the country near those lakes more healthy, the pestilential emanations from them being very injurious, particularly during the great heat; and next, to have in this place, which is surrounded by natural defences, an excellent military port, where vessels of the largest size may always find shelter. Four officers of the naval engineers, 40 sailors, and 500 convicts from the galleys, have been already ordered to commence the works.

At present some great outbreak is feared at Catania, feared not so much by Government as by the more sober portion of the Liberal party, whose in these partial outbreaks only fresh causes of weakness and misfortune.

TURKEY.

LETTERS from Constantinople state that Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe has protested energetically against the late arrest of Colonel Turry by the Austrian commander at Bucharest. The Porte also has expressed itself to the Austrian Minister at Constantinople as deeply aggrieved by this outrage, seeing that the Turkish territory was the scene, and that the officer arrested is attached to an allied army, the individual members of which, by virtue of a treaty, have the right to circulate throughout the Sultan's dominions.

It appears from the "Ost. Deutsche Post," that on the 30th ult. Colonel Turry was in prison at Cronstadt, and that a council of war had pronounced his sentence.

AMERICA.

ACCORDING to the statements contained in the American papers, the threatened disturbance with England is now settled. "It is thought," says a correspondent of the "New York Herald,"—

"That the Administration is a little in doubt about its own position. It is given out that the Pacific brought assurances that the increase in the British West India fleet had nothing to do with the Central American question. This was merely to satisfy the public. The real cause of the increase of the English fleet on the American coast is to be found in the peculiar instructions of the Attorney-General Cushing to the District Attorney of Philadelphia. If an, our will take the trouble to look at facts, he will ascertain that within twenty-four hours after the receipt of the news in London of the trial of Herz in Philadelphia, the addition to the West India fleet was under sailing orders; and I have information that when Cushing's two curious letters of instruction reached England, a demand for redress was made by the British Government, and that demand is now before the Cabinet at Washington. This is an important fact. Will England or the United States recede—that is the question—soon, indeed, to be the engrossing question."

The "Courier and Inquirer," referring to the same matter, Attorney-General Cushing's letters, says:—

"The consequences of these letters have been just what we anticipated. For the mistakes and indiscretions of their agents in the United States, the British Government are prepared to make the most ample apology and reparation; but for this wanton assault upon them by one of General Pierce's Cabinet they ask a disclaimer by our Government. This the Union apparently knows, and in consequence it has foreshadowed what will be the reply of our Secretary of State. He will say, by authority of the President, that neither he, the Secretary, nor the Executive are responsible for the instructions given to a district attorney by the law officer of the Government; and, if we mistake not, Secretary May will not experience any great compunction at the necessity of giving Mr. Cushing this rebuff for his interference with what does not concern him. There can be no apology for the cause of Mr. Cushing, and we are delighted that he is about to receive the rebuke he so richly merits. The habit of intermeddling with the affairs of the State Department is not confined exclusively to Mr. Cushing, and it is to be hoped that the members of the Administration will learn from this lesson to Mr. Cushing that they must be more cautious in future. The truth is the Secretary of State is the only member of the present Cabinet who enjoys the confidence and respect of any considerable portion of the Americans, and had it not been for him, we have reason to believe that the country would long since have been involved in war. We are well satisfied that the course of Mr. May in relation to the interference of English agents with our neutrality laws was such as to command the respect of the English Government, and as it will, when developed, be sustained by the American people."

INDIA AND CHINA.

THE SANTAL REBELLION.—According to the correspondence and papers by the Overland Mail from Calcutta to Oct. 22, and Bombay to Nov. 2, nothing has transpired of the progress of the Santal rebellion. Every day, says one paper, a mass of details are published in Calcutta. It is certain that the insurgents are not defeated, that Beerbhoom is still in their hands, that the peasantry are still harried by an enemy worse than the Mahrattas, and that martial law had not been declared. Every officer, civil and military, is loud in remonstrance, but the Council will not act. It would see Calcutta burned to the ground sooner than depart one inch from the path of routine. Meanwhile, a paper exists which explains to a considerable extent the origin of the movement. It is the confession of Seeloo Manjee, the leader of the insurrection, through whom the Deity was supposed to utter his decrees. This man is not a bad specimen of his race; a bold, clear-spoken savage, with no conscience, and no remorse for the crimes he has committed. He says the Santals were ground down by

the Bengalee money-lenders. The savages are always in want. They are fond of hunting, drinking, and dancing, and always anticipate the harvest. The money-lenders supplied their wants, and demanded interest at the rate of 500 per cent. The Santals were willing to pay only 25, or, as they phrase it, 4 annas for every rupee. The Mahajans beat them, abused them, pulled their ears, and seized their crops. The Santals petitioned, of course, Englishmen, with their fixed ideas of free trade, refused to sign their agreements, or, indeed, to interfere. They resolved, therefore, to fight themselves. Seedoo summoned all the Manjees, or village headmen, and, while talking to them, saw the Deity descend in the form of a whirlwind. Two pieces of paper also fell on his head, in which he was ordered to exterminate the money-lenders and the Zemindars. A branch of the Saal tree was sent out to all the villages, and with the murder of an agent darogah the revolt began. There was no hostility to Government, however, and no wish to injure any one but Mahajans and the superintendant of the district, Mr. Pontet.

BURMAH.—Peace continues to prevail in British Burmah. The emissaries had been duly received at Ava. The official audience was granted on the 13th of September.

HONG-KONG.—At Hong-Kong a demand for imports has lately sprung up, which bids fair to continue and increase, were it not for the dangers which threaten native craft from the number of pirates that swarm about the entrance of the harbour. Against these our large men-of-war can be of little service, but a small Government steamer would be.

SIANGHAI.—Captain Vansittart, of her Majesty's brig *Bittern*, has rendered great service to commercial interests, by destroying, to the eastward of Ningpo, a most formidable piratical fleet of 22 vessels. A resistance was shown, and the brig was struck in many places, and the crew and a marine were killed, and 18 men wounded, several severely. The whole fleet, however, was destroyed.

A Can on some excitement has been caused by intelligence of the Imperial forces having been defeated by the rebels on the borders of the province.

The War.

OPERATIONS IN THE CRIMEA.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE MAGAZINES.

GENERAL SIR W. CORDINGTON has forwarded the following despatch from Pannure, giving details of the explosion which took place on the 15th ult.:

My Lord,—On the 15th inst., about 3 p.m., a terrific explosion shook the camp of the army, and spread heavy destruction in the immediate neighbourhood of its force; even here, at headquarters, two and a-half miles, perhaps, distant, it burst open and broke windows. All felt the power of it; and the high column of smoke, with shells bursting in all directions around it, told too well the cause, and showed the danger of all its reach.

It was not long before we were on the spot. To the sudden burst succeeded a continued and dark drift of smoke, which told its tale of continued fire and of danger; constant bursting of shells was going on, the ground was covered with bits of wood, musket balls, and splinters of shells from the first heavy explosion, which had strewn the ground with destruction and killed and hurt very many people.

100,000 pounds of powder had exploded in the French siege train, set on fire by the stores there, and to our neighbouring English park, where it was fiercely burning, while the tendency of the light air at first threatened a second and as serious an accident from powder, not eighty yards off, the roof of the building had been damaged and the door blown in by the shock.

Some general officers had fallen in and marched part of their divisions down others sent some in fatigue, some with stretchers for the wounded—others exerted themselves with the French with an energy and disregard of danger that was admirable. Blankets were taken to the exposed stores, and wetted on the roof by water being passed up in buckets; the stores were covered with wet blankets and sandbags, and in a short time it was reported and looked safe, though the closeness of the fire and frequent explosions could not allow the feeling of security. Many detached small fires were burning, and the ground of both the French and English parks, a space of 150 yards across, was a mass of large fires, some of which, some of huts, some of gun carriages, boxes, handspikes, and ropes.

The fortunately light air had rather changed its direction, and by blowing up and dragging away things, a sort of lane was at last formed, the fires cut off, and gradually got under control, because confined to smaller though fiercer fires, but manageable.

I saw every one working well, and I know that French and English took five shells from the neighbourhood of danger to a more distant spot, and, at a later period, parties threw what earth the rocky soil could give them at the fires, and helped much to subdue them. All was safe about 10 p.m., and a strong guard and working party posted for the night.

The army was under arms the following morning before daylight, and, everything being quiet, I ordered the divisions to turn in, and continue the working parties in the roads, which I had counter-ordered for that morning.

The exploded powder store was situated in the ruins of some walls which had advantageously been made use of for the purpose of shelter; it had been the store of supply to the French attack on the Malakhoff front, and it contained the powder which had been brought back from their batteries.

It is at the head of the ravine, which, as it gets towards Sebastopol, forms the steep and rocky valley of Ravin du Carénage.

The Light Division was on the ground which it first took up in October, 1854, the Rifles on the right, then the 7th, the 33rd, and 23rd; on their left the 34th Regiment, which subsequently joined, was on the right front in advance; and the vacating of a spot of ground by the Sappers' camp enabled me, when commanding the division, to place the Artillery and Small-arm Brigade on the immediate right of the Rifles.

The French subsequently brought their main siege train and store to the position it has now for some time occupied.

Daylight showed the damage, of which I have given your Lordship an outline in another letter. But the more important and sad part is the loss of life, and the wounded who have suffered.

One officer and 20 non-commissioned officers and men killed; 4 officers and 112 non-commissioned officers and men wounded, with 7 missing, show the sudden and fatal power of the shock, which not only destroyed in its immediate neighbourhood, but wounded, by shell and splinters, some at a distance of three-quarters of a mile.

The loss of our Allies is distressingly heavy.—I have, &c.,
"W. J. CORDINGTON, General Commanding."

A NOTABLE INSTANCE OF HEROISM.

Immediately after the first great explosion, when it was ascertained that the windmill itself—which forms our main magazine in this part of the camp, and contains some hundred and eighty tons of powder—had escaped, General Straubenzee, who commands the brigade, hurried up to the tents of the 7th Fusiliers, and asked if any of the men would volunteer to mount the wall of the mill and cover the roof with wet tarpaulins and blankets as a protection against the thickly flying sparks and burning wood. Now, the concussion had literally thrown the roof off the old building, and there stood in the very centre of the spreading flames, exposed every minute to a thousand chances of instantaneous destruction. Hardly anything could avert the danger attending such a labour as the General proposed, but, notwithstanding, Lieutenant Hope (senior) and twenty-five men at once responded to the Brigadier's appeal, and proceeded to the powder-crammed building. A sergeant and some men of the Rifles, with also a party of the 34th Regiment, were induced to accompany them; and, within ten minutes from the first great blow-up, Mr. Hope was on the walls of the mill piling the wet coverings over the exposed powder-boxes—exploding shells and burning wood flying through the air in perfect storms the while. Whilst the officer and some half-dozen of the men were thus employed, the remainder carried water to throw upon the blankets and bare rafters of the mill, and in little more than half-an-hour this vast pile of powder was as

well protected from the thickly flying sparks and rockets as it could be, short of entire removal from the scene of the conflagration. The danger, however, was still great, for a shell might at any moment penetrate the textile coverings and send the whole into the air, spreading around destruction and death, compared with which the injury already done would have been as nothing. The troops were therefore kept as far as possible from the scene of the fire till late in the evening, when it had so expended its fury as to give less room for apprehension. For the most perilous service which he had so bravely and efficiently rendered, Lieutenant Hope was publicly thanked by General Straubenzee and the Colonel of his own regiment on Thursday morning on parade. Had the contents of the windmill exploded, we should not now be reckoning our killed and wounded by tens, but by hundreds, for experienced engineer officers declare that hardly a living thing in the whole Light Division could have escaped destruction.

ON THE ALERT.

Nov. 16.—All the divisions to the right of the British camp were under arms before daylight this morning. It was thought possible that the enemy, if contemplating an assault at all, might attempt it now, hoping to gain some advantage from the destruction of our ammunition which he witnessed yesterday. General Cordington passed before 6 a.m. towards Inkermann, to reconnoitre the enemy's movements. The morning passed by, however, without any demonstration on the part of the Russians.

THE DAY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

Nov. 17.—On visiting the ground where the explosion had occurred, the signs of devastation are hardly so great as might have been anticipated. The explosion had not formed any funnel-like excavation, such as was caused by the destruction of the Russian magazines. This was, of course, attributable to the French magazine being above ground, consisting of powder cases piled one above the other, and simply protected by an appropriate shed, while the Russian magazines were deeply buried. Some of the shells had been projected upwards to an amazing height, and in a direct line, judging from the position and great depth of some of the shell-holes in the ground where the dépot had been. Pieces of charred timber, broken cases in which were packed new artillery shakos, broken carbines, tin cases rent into fragments, pieces of shell-boxes, portions of gun-carriages, heavy shot whitened by the salts from exploded gunpowder, were strewn about the place where the French siege train stood. The destruction in the English siege train dépot was less than had been supposed, but a great part of the stores had seemingly been destroyed. Sappers were at work pulling down some of the shattered huts on one side, and fatigue parties of line soldiers were busily employed in clearing the ground at other parts, or assisting the combustion of still smouldering heaps of rubbish. The French commissariat dépot and ambulance across the ravine presented an extraordinary spectacle. Nearly every tent was blown over, and huts stove in or shattered. It appeared as if the blast of a hurricane had passed over it.

HEALTH OF THE ARMY.—RATIONS AND CLOTHING.

Nov. 20.—The health of our troops is excellent; the drafts which arrive are rather younger than is desirable, but they will get experience and instruction during the winter. They are admirably clothed, and fed as no army was ever fed before—fresh meat, bread, and vegetables are frequently issued to all. Henceforth the men are to get fresh meat only three times a week, and bread only three times a week, instead of every day. On the other days they will receive pork or salt beef, and excellent biscuit. In respect of winter clothing, hutting, and feeding, our men are immeasurably better off than our Allies, and it is not unusual to see the latter eating in the English camp of the excess of our soldiers' cooking kettles.

HOW DECEMBER WAS TO BE INAUGURATED.

Preparations for the winter are evident on every side. December will be inaugurated with a steep-chase of English dimensions, in stakes, jumps, and fences. Theatricals are looking up, and nearly every Division will have a theatre open during the Christmas week, and some daring spirits are even talking of a pantomime, and of essaying a repetition of the bold experiment of an amateur performance in "Guy Raux; or a match for a King," with which it is hoped the author will not interfere by any question of copyright.

HOSPITAL KITCHENS.—USES OF THE SPOILS OF SEBASTOPOL.

The hospital kitchens are certainly worth seeing, and M. Soyer has, by the introduction of his stoves and of an improved system of ménage, contrived to render them efficient. His stove would be still more valuable if it roasted or baked, as well as boiled, but at present the last is the only operation to which it is suited, and the old camp kettle always did that as well—always, however, with a much greater consumption and waste of fuel. The spoils of Sebastopol have materially contributed to our comforts and efficiency in this respect. Kitchen ranges, boilers, iron bars, Stourbridge bricks, ovens, brass, iron, and copper stoves, pots and pans, flues, kettles, and hundreds of similar articles, have been seized and utilised with wonderful tact. Fine well-built cooking-houses are constructed from the cut stone of Sebastopol, which lies in large blocks around unfinished houses or is taken from the ruined edifices and walls about the place. Mechanical ingenuity has been largely developed in the use of resources. One officer converts the funnel of a small steamer into a chimney—another uses one of the pipes of an engine as a hot-air apparatus to heat his hut—a third has arranged a portion of machinery, so that he can communicate from his saloon, sleeping room, and dining room (three single gentlemen rolled into one), with his cook in the adjacent kitchen, and dinner is handed through direct from the fire to the table, after the fashion of those mysterious apparatus which obey the behests of London waiters in the matter of "roast meats, boiled beefs, and their satellites."

ANTICIPATED ATTACK ON KERTCH.

A Marseilles despatch mentions the report that General Vivian had asked and obtained from the Ottoman Government a reinforcement of 12,000 Turkish soldiers. The reason assigned for this augmentation—the expectation that the Russians will act against Kertch as soon as the Sea of Azof is frozen up—may have more reality about it than the pretended fact. The despatch of a body of cavalry from the Bosphorus to Kertch was about ten days ago announced from Trieste and Marseilles as having taken place, in compliance with the urgent entreaties of General Vivian, who was said to be apprehensive of an attack. Letters from Constantinople state that so far from this being the case, the cavalry were, on arriving at Kertch, sent back, and arrived once more in the Bosphorus on the 22nd.

THE FRENCH IN THE VALLEY OF BAIDAR.

The following is an extract from a letter from the camp at Baidar, from an officer of the 1st division of the 1st corps:—"We are encamped in the Valley of the Baidar, in the midst of woods swarming with game; the hares are of very large size, and you may be sure we do not neglect them. The sportsmen have a good deal on their hands: they pretend that M. de Merdwinoff, the proprietor of this vast property, had a secret for fattening them, and making them assume enormous dimensions. The source of the Tchernaya is at a few paces distance from us; at the moment I write it is a thin stream of water, which issues from the foot of a rocky mountain."

THE RECONNAISSANCE NEAR SAK.

A letter from Eupatoria, Nov. 11, gives the following details of the first reconnaissance in the environs of Sak:—

"The French infantry was on one side of the village, and the cavalry on the other, in order to turn the enemy if they should present themselves. On seeing us the enemy prepared to make a demonstration; but, perceiving the strength of our arrangements, they fell back behind the village, leaving eight or ten squadrons in observation. They, however, placed one of the light batteries on the other side of a marsh, and fired two or three shots; a Turkish battery replied, and killed some of their men and horses. In the night they silently departed. The soldiers then, with the consent of their superiors, proceeded to sack the village, and in an incredibly short time nothing remained but ruins. Chairs and other small articles of furniture were carried off by the soldiers; and the heavy furniture and wood-work were employed to make fires. The cats of the village were then hunted and on being caught were killed, cooked, and eaten; the horses which had been shot the previous evening were cut up, roasted, and devoured, and a camel was dressed in the same way—the men disputing as to who should have the hump, which is the most delicate portion of the animal. Fortunately, a quantity of salt was found to season these provisions, and though the Russian horseflesh was rather tough, the men declared that they had made an excellent feast. Fifty thousand wooden spades were also found, and they were employed to keep up the fires. The Russians looked on from a distance, but showed no disposition to come and take a share of the dinner."

THE BALTIC FLEET.

THE ice has set in very strong in the gulf of Bothnia, and a few days since the *Dragon* was blocked in, but by hard steaming cut her way out. She has made several prizes. Admiral Baynes, with *Conflict*, *Geyser*, and French ship *d'Assas* was at Faro; the *Imperieuse*, *Cossack*, and *Tartar*, at Wornso; *Euraylus*, *Pylades*, and *Gorgon*, at Hango; and the *Falcon* and *Harrier* keeping watch over an American barque, believed to be laden with revolvers and other munitions of war at Stockholm, waiting for a start to Riga. The remaining ships are on their way home.

General Canrobert arrived at Kiel, November 23rd, from Copenhagen, and visited the French and English flag-ships, both of which manned yards and saluted him, as did also the Danish war-steamer in the harbour. In the evening he took his departure for Hamburg.

THE CZAR'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.

UNDER date of Simferopol, November 12th, the Czar Alexander addressed the following order of the day to his troops:—

"Brave Soldiers of the Army of the Crimea!—By my order of the day of the 30th August last, I expressed to you the sentiments which filled my heart with sincere gratitude for your services, which have immortalised the glory of the defence of Sebastopol. But it did not suffice for my heart to thank you from a distance for the great acts of bravery and self-denial which even astonished your enemies, and which made you brave all those difficulties of nearly a year's siege."

"Here, in the midst of you, I desired to say to you personally how much benevolence and real affection I entertain for you. My interview with you has procured me inexpressible pleasure, and the brilliant condition in which I found all the troops of the army of the Crimea, after having inspected them, surpassed my expectations. I felt pleasure in beholding you and in admiring you. I thank you, from my very soul, for your services, your exploits, and your bravery. They are guarantees for me that my brave army will know how to uphold the glory of Russian arms, and to sacrifice itself for its faith, its sovereignty, and its country."

"In commemoration of the celebrated and valorous defence of Sebastopol, I have instituted, especially for the troops who defended the fortifications, a silver medal, to be worn at the button hole, with the ribbon of St. George."

"May this sign be the certificate of merit for each, and inspire your future comrades with that sentiment of duty and honour which constitutes the unshakable foundation of the throne and country."

"May the union upon this same medal of the name of my father, of imperishable memory, and myself, be a pledge to you of our sentiments, which are equally devoted to you; and may it perpetuate with you the inseparable memory of the Emperor Nicholas and of myself."

"I am proud of you as he was. Like him, I place full confidence in your tried devotion, and in your zeal in the accomplishment of your duty. In his name and in my own, I once more thank the brave defenders of Sebastopol. I thank the whole army. (Signed) "ALEXANDER."

DESPATCH OF GENERAL GORTSCHAKOFF.

Under date of the 18th of November, Aide-de-Camp General Prince Gortschakoff sends the following:—

"Nothing remarkable has taken place in the Crimea. According to information deserving of credit, only a small portion of the Turks have left Eupatoria. The European troops have remained there, and on every point the enemy generally is occupied in making great preparations for the winter. The number of the enemy's ships of war in Kamiesch Bay and in Sebastopol Roads is very small."

GRAND RUSSIAN COUNCIL OF WAR.

A recent despatch from St. Petersburg announces that a grand council of war is convoked. All the Archdukes, with Generals Paniatin, Berg, Sievers, and Grabbe, and all the Admirals, except those employed in the south, are summoned to attend.

[General Grabbe commands the army corps in Esthonia, General Sievers that of the Baltic occupying Courland and Livonia, General Berg that of Finland, General Paniatin the central army, and the troops collected in and around St. Petersburg are under the command of one of the Archdukes.]

WROUGHT VERSUS CAST IRON GUNS.—Mr. J. Blackburn, of Erewash Valley, in a letter to the "Times," states that "cast iron is the true material for large guns subject to mighty concussions, simply from the fact of the great facility of securing a sound gun, with only ordinary care in the process of moulding, and from the uniform crystallisation of the iron; this great desideratum cannot be obtained in such very heavy masses of iron as are necessary for the wrought-iron guns of large calibre, on account of the great length of time they must necessarily be under the action of the fire, for it is an ascertained fact, that wrought iron during this process, when in large masses, undergoes what is termed a 'molecular change' by being kept so long in an incandescent and soft state. The cohesive tendency of wrought over cast-iron is about as three to one, but from the cause assigned it cannot be estimated fairly at more than as two is to one, if so much. The vast expense necessarily incurred in the production of these wrought-iron guns of large calibre will be fatal to their permanent introduction and use. At a moderate calculation, ten cast-iron mortars of 13-inch calibre can be made for the cost of one wrought-iron of the same dimensions. Taking, then, the data, that 600 rounds fired will render an ordinary 13in. cast-iron mortar *hors de combat*, 1,200 rounds, or less, would place the wrought-iron mortar in the like situation, while the cost has been in all probability five times the cost of the two cast-iron mortars. The question then arises, Can anything be done to make the cast-metal guns and mortars of large calibre, subject to mighty concussions, of greater cohesive tenacity, and thereby more capable of sustaining the tremendous expansive power of a heavy charge of gunpowder? I answer decidedly yes, and at a merely nominal increase of expense. This process was fully explained to the Government of this country in 1850."

AN AMERICAN ENGINEER IN THE CAPITAL OF RUSSIA.—Some weeks since an American engineer arrived at St. Petersburg with a cannon of his own invention, capable, it is said, of doing tremendous damage. He was admitted at once to show his invention to the Emperor, and orders have been issued to the foundry at St. Petersburg to prepare everything for a trial. At the same time, a model, in wood, was sent to Slataoust in the Urals, to have a cast made. It is stated that the range of this gun, which is oblique, is more than 4,000 metres, which, if true, would exceed anything hitherto known. A new musket is also spoken of. The foundries at Slataoust and Toula are to furnish 90,000 by next May. Jacob, the inventor of the submarine infernal machines, has, it is said, discovered the means of throwing Congreve rockets and other projectiles to an enormous distance, and great success is expected from them against the fleets. The Government has placed the arsenal and foundry of St. Petersburg at the professor's disposal to make his experiments.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL.—It is related that Dom Pedro (of whom we gave a portrait in No. X.) recently called for a list of all the prisoners in the realm, but received only a statement of such names as the authorities deemed deserving of notice. Hereupon, the tale goes, the King returned the paper, and demanded a complete one, saying he considered himself the best judge of such criminals as were worth his notice, and did not wish to overlook the meanest of them. Another tale says that the administrator of a petty district having died, his son, a young man of twenty-five, petitioned the King, and was promised the place. His Majesty, however, mentioning the matter to the authorities, was told that the new administrator was too young, and that there was a fitter man for his post. "How so?" the King is said to have replied; "I am much younger, and am yet thought capable of governing Portugal. Let the appointment be confirmed." There is yet another of these anecdotes. It is stated that during the late regency the business of the Cabinet was sometimes gone through with the accompaniment of cigars, the Regent himself occasionally smoking. We are told that lately the custom was kept for the first time before Dom Pedro, and an apologetic explanation made to him. The King is reported to have given no reply but merely to have turned his back, and afterwards to have issued orders that the practice should be prohibited. It is evident that the King acts advisedly: he conciliates the army, and in public always appears in uniform. He has surrounded himself with men of years and sagacity, for example, General Loureiro, Da Costa, the Marquises de Ficalho and Bemposta, and others of a similar character; he never signs a paper till he has read and understood its purport, and hopes are entertained that he will gradually remove that mass of corruption which clings so close around the heart of Portugal, and pervades every branch of the administration.

SCUTARI HOSPITAL.

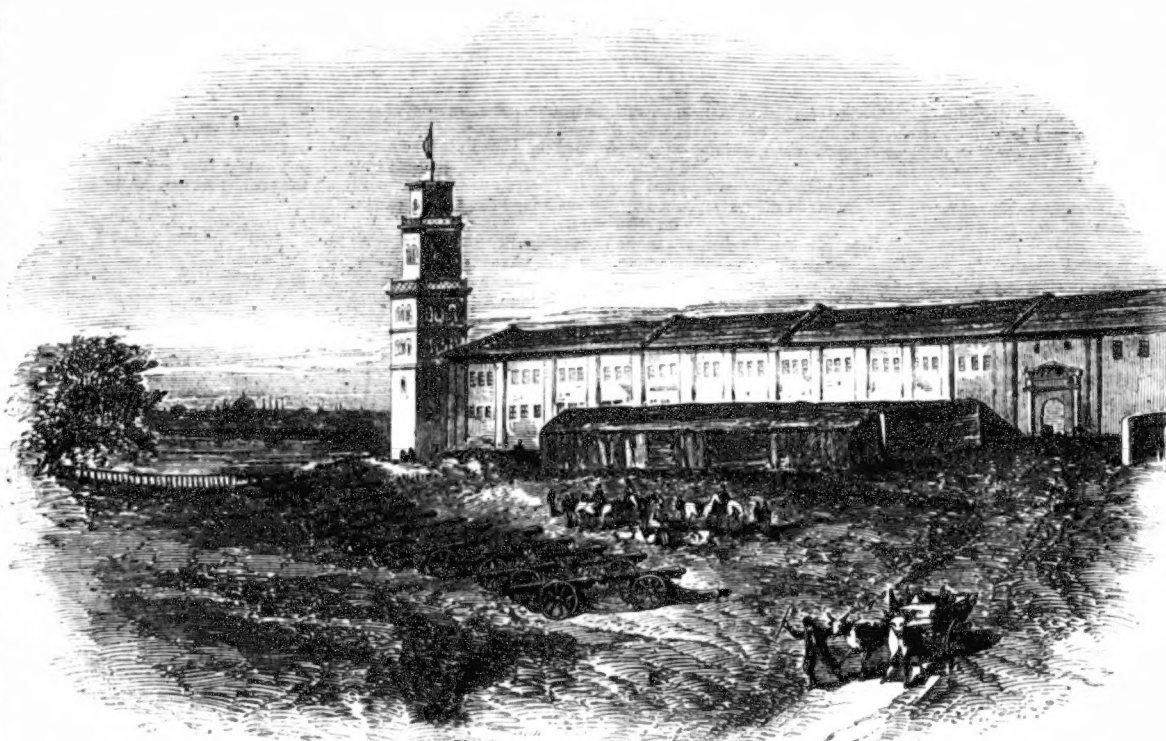
EXTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL.

THE public meeting held last week at Willis's Rooms, to give expression to a general feeling "that the services of Miss Nightingale in the hospitals of the East demand the grateful recognition of the British people," invites our attention to the hospital at Scutari, the principal scene of those labours, which that noble-minded woman has voluntarily undergone in the cause of patriotism and humanity.

Scutari, as our readers are doubtless aware, is a town on the Bosphorus, situated on several hills, and bearing, both internally and externally, a great resemblance to Constantinople. It is situated opposite to the Turkish capital, and is usually considered one of the suburbs. A few years ago Scutari was known to the people of this country chiefly from its numerous mosques, the Sultan's palace, with its extensive gardens, its college of howling dervishes, its extensive barracks, fine cemeteries, its public baths and bazaars, and its large warehouses and manufactories of silk and cotton fabrics. Now it is intimately associated in the public mind with those British hospitals in the East, for the cure of wounds and the alleviation of mortal agony; and it appears on the point of becoming a large military station and depot, on a scale similar to that of the French at Maslak, and will no longer be a mere hospital. Part of the cavalry from the Crimea, had, by recent accounts, arrived, and more was shortly expected. Besides the barracks and stables at Hyder Pacha, General Storks has quarters ready for upwards of 2,000 horses at Ismet and other places on the Sea of Marmora, and even that will not exhaust the disposable accommodation. The Barrack Hospital had been divided into two parts by a screen of planks, and in one-half the Jäger Battalion had been snugly put up. At the opening of this year, we had on the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, no fewer than eight hospitals, containing about five thousand sick and wounded, and of these, the largest, and by far the most important, was the Barrack Hospital at Scutari. On the green sward, between the ridges of Scutari and the meadows of Kadi-Keui, relieved against the unchanging foliage of a cypress grove celebrated in the books of travellers, and thick with its undergrowth of neglected tombs, stands out hard, bare, and formal, the vast factory-like edifice of square form, which was once a barrack, but which is now widely celebrated as the largest hospital of Scutari. Adjoining it, and close to the burial ground, is the General Hospital, covering a considerable area of ground, and enclosing what has been a sort of pleasure garden, with a fountain in the centre.

INTERIOR OF THE BARRACK HOSPITAL.

THE Barrack hospital has been somewhat cleverly compared to a vast caravanserai, ever changing its inmates, as some go down to their graves and others rally from their prostration. It is partitioned off into three divisions, each under the care of a first-class staff surgeon. As you approach, a crowd of officers beset the entrance, and a crowd of convalescents, clad in white gowns and caps, lounge and saunter about the court-yard. The corridors are of immense length, and flanked—here by wards full of sick, there by some officer's quarters. The stream of daily life—as we



THE BRITISH HOSPITAL, SCUTARI.—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN PORTER.)

read—surges up and down the long gallery, through the narrow tide-way left by a double row of beds, tenanted by patients in every form and variety of disease. An orderly or two sit poring diligently over their returns, at a deal table; and on the walls appear, here a written, there a printed, advertisement—one the announcement of the sale by auction of some departed warrior's effects, the other a copy of some War-Office despatch acknowledging the services of our gallant soldiers.

A SCUTARI NURSE.

ONE part of the Scutari Hospital is peculiarly interesting to all who are capable of a generous emotion. On entering by the gate, at the "main guard," turning quickly to the left, at a short distance there is a wooden partition across a corridor; passing through the doorway, you come to one of the usual lanes, hedged in by the beds of the wounded; and at the furthest extremity is the tower, in which are the quarters of those nurses, whose noble exertions in the cause of humanity might well suggest, as it did last week, to an ex-Minister of State, the lines of "the last and greatest of the Border minstrels."

"Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

"I believe," said Mr. Stafford, at the gloomy period of March, 1855, "that if there is a time when the home affections press most strongly upon them, it is not only in the heat of battle, but in the silence and loneliness of the wards of the hospital. Imagine the shades of evening

nurses to organise and superintend a hospital at Scutari for sick and wounded officers, similar to those for the men under Miss Nightingale; and the unequivocal testimony of those who were under her care proves the zeal, the diligence, and the judgment evinced by this devoted lady in her sacred mission. A dysentery which lasted three weeks proved fatal, and she died, to the deep regret of all around her.

The following verses, by Mr. M. Milnes, M.P., are highly interesting in connection with the Hospitals at Scutari:—

A MONUMENT FOR SCUTARI.

<p>"The cypresses of Scutari In stern magnificence look down On the bright lake and stream of sea And glittering theatre of town; Above the throng of rich kiosks, Above the towers in triple tier, Above the domes of lofty mosques, Those pinnacles of death aspire." Thus, years ago, in grave descent, The traveller sang those ancient trees That Eastern grace delights to plant In reverence of man's obsequies; But Time has shed a golden haze Of memory round the cypress glooms, And gladly he reviews the days He wandered 'mid those alien tombs.</p>	<p>Now other passion rules the soul; And Scutari's familiar name Arouses thoughts beyond control, A tangled web of pride and shame, No more shall that fair word recall The Moslem and his Asian rest, But the dear brothers of us all Rent from their mother's bleeding breast. Calmly our warriors moulder there, Uncoffined, in the sandy soil, Once festered in the sultry glare, Or wasted in the wintry toil. No verdure on those graves is seen, No shade obstructs the garish day, The tender dews to keep them green Are wept, alas! too far away;</p>
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* Palm Leaves. "The Greek at Constantinople."



INTERIOR OF THE SCUTARI HOSPITAL.—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN PORTER.)

Are wept in homes their smiles shall
bless
No more, beyond the deep serene,
In cottages now fatherless
On Highland moor and English green,
In palaces by common grief
Made level with the meanest room,—
One agony and one relief—
The conscience of a glorious doom

For there, too, is Thermopylae:—
As on the dank Ægean shore,
By this bright portal of the sea
Stood the Devoted as of yore;
When Greece herself was merged in
night,
The Spartan held his honour's meed—
And shall no pharos shed the light
To future time of Britain's deed?

Masters of Form!—if such be now—
On sense and powers of art intent,
To match this mount of sorrow's brow
Devise your seemliest monument:
One that will symbolise the cause
For which this might of manhood
fell,
Obedience to their country's laws,
And duty to God's truth as well.

Let, too, the old Miltonic Muse,
That trumpeted "the scattered bones
Of saints on Alpine mountains," use
Reveille of forgotten tones;
Let some one, worthy to be priest
Of this high altar of renown,
Write in the tongues of West and East
Who bore this cross, who wore this
Crown.

Write that, as Britain's peaceful sons
Luxurious rich, well-tended poor,
Fronted the foeman's steel and guns,
As each would guard his household
door;
So, in those ghastly halls of pain
Where thousand hero-sufferers lay,
Some smiled in thought to fight again,
And most unmurmuring passed away.

Write that, when pride of human skill
Fell prostrate with the weight of care,
And men lay'd out for some strong will,
Some reason 'mid the wild despair,
The loving heart of woman rose
To guide the hard and clear the eye,
Gave hope amid the sternest woes,
And saved what man had left to die.

Write every name—lowlier the birth,
Loiter the death!—and trust that
when
On this regenerated earth
Rise races of enobled men,
They will remember—these were they
Who strove to make the nations free,
Not only from the sword's brute sway,
But from the spirit's slavery.

R. M. M.

A RUSSIAN COURIER.
THE individual represented in the
subjoined engraving is the type of a
class exercising a material influence
over the destinies of Europe and Asia
—being nothing less than the instru-
ments by which the terrible edicts of
the Czars of Russia are radiated
through their measureless Empire.
The narrow oasis of civilisation formed
by the Moscow and St. Petersburg



SCUTARI HOSPITAL NURSE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

Railway, with its accompanying tele-
graph, is a mere straw in the vast
desert of Russian barbarism. Else-
where, the means of transit and com-
munication are as primitive and un-
changing as the trackless snows over
which lies their course. Of the utter
hopelessness of the Russian imperial
principle to mould a colossal Empire
so as to satisfactorily obey the dictates
of a single mind in the face of natu-
ral obstacles, no better illustration
need be given than the fact that the
Czar is unable to communicate his
wishes on the most urgent occasion
(with the local exception we have al-
luded to) more rapidly than at a rate
of ten miles an hour—wind and wea-
ther permitting (those who have had
the slightest experience of what wind
and weather mean in Russia, will
understand the force of the qualifica-
tion); and that only by such a rude
and precarious conveyance as shown
by our artist.

M. Theophilé Gautier remarks in
his "Travels in Spain," that no
thoroughly civilised people knows
how to make either a graceful vase
or a picturesque harness. The geno-
realisation is somewhat arbitrary, but
is, to a certain extent, borne out by
facts. A love of jingling bells and
streaming ribbons is no doubt cha-
racteristic of a people not fully eman-
cipated from barbarism. The equip-
ments of a Russian Government
courier's "turn-out" are no exception
to the rule. They are certainly gay,
and noisy enough—in inverse propor-
tion to the clumsiness of his vehicle
and the perils of his daily vocation.

The Government courier is a most
important personage in Russia. In
return for a chronic risking of his
neck and limbs, he is treated with
prostrate respect by all classes—as
the Mercury of the St. Petersburg
Jove. Roads are cleared, levelled, or
even made for him. Horses belong
to him. Landlords, Postmasters,
Grand Seigneurs, are all his trem-
bling slaves.

Of his dignity and perils the fol-
lowing extract, from the work of a
recent traveller in Russia,* will con-
vey an idea:—

"One individual whose destiny it
is to encounter all these dangers and
difficulties, and to whom, even during
the severest seasons, no respite is
permitted, for he is born to live or
die either in his *telega* or his sledge,
is the *feldjäger*, government courier.
This living telegraph, who conveys
the commands of the Czar to a fel-
low-automaton, perhaps some thou-

* The "Knout and the Russians." By
Germain de Lagry. Translated by John
Bridgman. D. Bogue, Fleet Street.



A RUSSIAN COURIER WITH DESPATCHES.—(DRAWN BY E. T. DOLBY.)

send leagues distant, to be by him again transmitted across a similar extent of country, sooner or later pays the forfeit of his life to the severities of the climate. Even during the summer months, his duties are none of the most agreeable. Condemned to travel day and night until his journey is completed, in a vehicle styled a *telega*—of all carriages on wheels the most uncomfortable, consisting, as it does, of a little cart without springs or back, with two leather seats, on the foremost of which sits the driver—the *feldjäger* pursues his solitary way exposed to considerable danger. The Russian coachman is perfectly reckless when driving over rough mountain roads. At the commencement of a declivity, he will judiciously enough restrain his horses; but, as he proceeds, he becomes tired of his prudence, and at the most dangerous point of the descent generally puts them into a smart gallop, when the vehicle only escapes being overturned by his confidence and skill, and the firmness of the legs of the spirited but weak and tired animals, that he is urging along on so reckless a course.

"So great is the respect with which the *feldjäger* is regarded by the common people, that the peasants, whether on foot or in vehicles, make haste to clear the way before him. At his approach every obstruction on the road vanishes like magic."

RUMOURS OF PEACE.

For the last twelve months her Majesty's government have been busily negotiating peace on terms deemed, by the Emperor of the French, to be satisfactory. "Our readers," says the "Press," "may rely that after a period of active communications between Paris and London, on Monday, the 19th of November last, the proposals to re-open negotiations for peace on 'satisfactory' terms were formally delivered to the British Government, and that, in consequence, a Cabinet Council was summoned, and sat the next day, for upwards of three hours on the subject. From that moment until the present, unceasing communications have taken place between all parties and powers interested, and with a far more favourable effect than we presumed to anticipate."

The "Post" believes that "now again at this time of year, from precedent deemed propitious, Austria is endeavouring to bring about negotiations for peace."

The Paris correspondent of the "Times" says:—

"It is certain that Austria is actively labouring to bring about a termination of hostilities, and is co-operating with England and France in discussing the conditions on which these two powers would make peace with Russia. The main fact mentioned of the proffered intervention of Austria is fully corroborated by subsequent information; and though I do not affirm positively that she will at once declare war against Russia if the conditions, of which the overtures now discussed between the French and English governments contain the basis are rejected, yet it is believed that she will break off her diplomatic intercourse with her. Ce n'est que le premier pas qui compte; but a step of the kind would be highly important, and in circumstances like the present, the distance between recalling one ambassador and dismissing another is not so great as may be supposed. I avow my inability to give you any precise idea of the propositions that would be tendered to Russia; perhaps they have not yet been sufficiently elaborated, but they are described as perfectly acceptable by France and England; and not only acceptable now, but would be equally so even after another victorious campaign."

"The knotty Third Point," says another Paris correspondent, "is said to be resolved by the simple expedient of declaring the Black Sea by treaty to be open only to commercial vessels of all nations, and therefore, the Bourse people say, it will not matter how many ships of war the Czar may have at Nicolaeff, because the treaty—that is, a piece of paper—will prevent him from bringing them down to the Euxine waters. I do not know what may be the precise shape of the propositions backed by Germany, to which the Allies think it politic to pay respectful attention; but of this I am certain, that their fixed resolution is, while still professing to be ready to negotiate on the basis of the Four Points, to maintain such a position in the Black Sea for some time to come, as the Czar has not the least idea of consenting to."

THE MODERN INQUISITION.

A TURIN paper publishes a letter from Rome, giving the following account of the tribunals of the Inquisition at the present time:—"The old palace of the inquisition having been turned into barracks for the French troops, the tribunals have been transferred to the interior of the Vatican, where the Dominicans occupy a part which none but those who have grown old in the palace can ever find, such is the intricacy and multiplicity of the stairs, passages, and secret corridors that lead to it. When the inquisitors wait either to arrest or question you, they neither send officers of justice nor a warrant; such extreme measures are only reserved for those who attempt to escape; but a gentleman calls upon you in a quiet way, and informs you that the Holy Office requests the pleasure of your company. Should you happen to expostulate, the quiet gentleman politely suggests the expediency of being punctual. When you reach the outer court of the Vatican, you find a priest who conducts you to the tribunal, and if you are only summoned as a witness, it is he who conducts you back. When in the presence of the inquisitor, you are made to swear that you will speak the truth; your answers to the questions put to you are written down in Latin, and, before being released, you must take another oath that you will reveal nothing of what you have either seen or heard."

EXPLOSION AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.—On Monday last an accident occurred in the Rocket department of the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, which it is feared will cause the loss of several lives. At the extremity of the yard are some slightly-erected sheds for making and finishing rockets. In one of these, called the meal-shed, where nine men were employed in pulverising the powder for the manufacture of Hale's rockets, an explosion took place, whereby the finishing and meal-sheds were blown into the air, and nine men were more or less injured, and some of them desperately. The only cause by which this sad accident can be accounted for is that, in meal-shed the powder, some slight friction, sufficient to create a spark of fire, must have been occasioned by the double-handed instrument used for that purpose.

THE CONVICT BANKER.—A memorial to the Queen, on behalf of Mr. Bates, has been drawn up, praying for pardon, on the ground that, though nominally a partner, he was in fact but a head clerk in the firm, and was ignorant to a great extent of the frauds carried on by Strahan and Paul. He entered the banking-house in 1820, as a junior clerk. After being gradually promoted, he was, at Christmas, 1841, upon the retirement of Mr. Robert Snow, invited to become a partner, but upon the understanding that his promotion was not to confer any privilege beyond an increase of his income to £800 per annum, and of being announced to the world as a partner. During the period of his co-partnership, he strictly abided by the arrangement, and, except in the ordinary routine business of the bank, never possessed any control whatever over the management, either with respect to the opening of any large or important account for the receipt of money, or of any considerable advance of money, his duty being to refer the parties to his partners, or himself to report to them and act upon their instructions. On the occasion of an application by Messrs. Gandell for an advance, he advised Sir J. Paul to refuse; but an advance of £30,000 or £40,000 being given, he said to his partner—"Well, Sir John, you may date the ruin of the house from the moment those acceptances are given." Mr. Bates then goes on to declare that he was not cognizant of the sale of the bonds belonging to Dr. Griffith, by Sir J. D. Paul, in March, 1854; and that he was not informed of it for some time. He says that although it may be urged against him that his remaining a member of the firm after he became acquainted with such facts was a moral weakness, yet he hopes that his subordinate and dependent position, and reluctance to precipitate the ruin of his partners, may not be disregarded. He believed that the bonds were replaced. In support of these allegations he refers to affidavits prepared by Strahan and Paul, to the effect that Bates, although a member or partner, was not interested in the profits of the bank, he receiving in lieu thereof an annual salary of £1,000, without having any control over or right or power of interference in the management of affairs, which were wholly conducted under the authority of Strahan and Paul. On these grounds Mr. Bates asks her Majesty's pardon.

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.

A PUBLIC meeting was held on the 29th ult. in Willis's Rooms, St. James's, to give expression to a general feeling, "that the services of Miss Nightingale in the hospitals of the East demand the grateful recognition of the British people." The attendance was numerous and brilliant, and long before the hour fixed for commencing business, there was not one seat unoccupied. The chair was taken by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who in his person was the representative of Royalty. The great Whig nobility was represented by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the High Tory party by Lord Stanley. The Lord Mayor was the spokesman for commerce and the corporation of London, and Sir James Clarke for the medical profession. The Rev. S. G. Osborne and Mr. Bracebridge, as having been eye-witnesses of the exertions of Miss Nightingale and her companions, were entitled to special attention. Sir J. Pakington, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. S. Herbert, and the Duke of Argyll, all addressed the meeting.

His Royal Highness said:—

"It is well known, that at the commencement of the war the state of our hospitals was not such as we could have wished it. This being the case, it became a most trying and most important duty for the Government of the day to do everything in their power to mitigate the sufferings to which their attention had been directed. They most properly—if I may venture to say so—and most feelingly, took advantage of the services—the gratuitous, the laudable, I may say the glorious services, which were placed at their disposal by this young and interesting lady—a lady who, in the prime of life, and in the most affluent circumstances, offered to go out to the East, and to assist in re-organising those departments of the army which certainly at that moment were not in so satisfactory a condition as we could have desired. I happened at the time to be myself at Constantinople, and before I returned home I had an opportunity of witnessing the exertions made by Miss Nightingale at Scutari. And let me here observe, that those exertions were most ably and most efficiently seconded by those other persons who went out from this country to co-operate with her in the good cause. She has heroically continued to the present moment in the performance of the arduous, dangerous, and certainly not very agreeable offices which her zeal and benevolence induced her to undertake. In spite of loss of health for a brief period, and notwithstanding the many difficulties which surrounded her, she has never relaxed in her endeavours to accomplish the object she had proposed to herself. That object, I venture to think, she has most fully attained. All the accounts which come from the East bear testimony to the good order and the good system which have been established in our hospitals there, not indeed by her alone, but certainly to a great extent by means of her most valuable assistance. It now becomes, I think, the duty of the public to show her that her services have been and are duly appreciated in this country, and it becomes the duty of those who feel as I do in the matter to consider how those services can best be acknowledged, and how that honour which is her due can be paid her in the manner most grateful and most agreeable to her, and at the same time most useful to the public. . . . I believe I am authorised to state that the object we have in view is not to build a new hospital, but to enable Miss Nightingale, with the assistance of a council whom she will be requested herself to select, to make use, unfettered, of a sum of money to establish a school for nurses, partly, I believe, of a higher order, if there be any such who may desire to come forth—and partly of the ordinary description, who, when trained by her, may be sent forth to the various hospitals which shall require their services. That I believe to be the real object and intent with which this subscription has been formed. Whether it may be necessary or desirable that certain houses should be built for these nurses, as adjuncts, of course, to the training school, or how the system shall be carried on, is a matter for future consideration, but which, in my opinion, ought to be left to Miss Nightingale herself. That is a compliment which the public ought to pay her."

At a subsequent part of the proceedings, Sir J. Pakington moved, and Sir James Clarke seconded, this resolution:—

"That it is desirable to perpetuate the memory of Miss Nightingale's signal devotion, and to record the gratitude of the nation by a testimonial of a substantial character; and that, as she has expressed her unwillingness to accept any tribute designed for her own personal advantage, funds be raised to enable her to establish an institution for the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses and hospital attendants."

Lord Stanley, in proposing the resolution—"That to accomplish this object on a scale worthy of the nation, and honourable to Miss Nightingale, all classes be invited to contribute"—said:—

"The public had heard much of late about 'urgent private affairs' (cheers and laughter); and it might well happen that those whom no danger could daunt, no difficulty dismay, would turn sick and weary from the tedium of a protracted exile; but Miss Nightingale had declared that, while her labours and the necessity for her services continued, and as long as her own health remained unimpaired, her 'private affairs' should not become 'urgent,' and she would not abandon her self-imposed duty. . . . With good taste and sound sense, the public mind had unanimously determined that anything in the way of a merely personal honour or a pecuniary recompense would not be worthy either of the donors or the recipient; but Miss Nightingale had, through her friends in this country, relieved them of their embarrassment, and pointed out a manner in which the hopes and wishes of all the parties would be most agreeably and most effectively accomplished. What Miss Nightingale said was in effect this—"If you value my services, show your appreciation of them in a practical manner, by enabling me to do more than I have heretofore had it in my power to achieve." That was what they were now endeavouring to effect. They were making themselves familiar with the general idea of their enterprise, leaving the precise form in which it should be carried out for future consideration. The object of Miss Nightingale's mission was in part to substitute a voluntary attendance, prompted by charity and softened by refinement, for the services, sometimes no doubt valuable, but not always satisfactory, of hired nurses; and for that purpose it was proposed to train and educate benevolent ladies of whatever rank by means of an institution the general object of which was sufficiently clear, but the specific form of which was left uncertain, partly as a personal tribute to the lady in whose honour it was to be founded, and partly because they deferred to her as herself the best authority on the subject."

A committee of noblemen and gentlemen was then formed to carry into effect the laudable object for which the meeting was convened, when the proceedings terminated.

SUICIDE OF MR. LARDNER, OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—On Saturday Mr. Wakley held an inquest at the Grafton Arms, Cornwall Villas, on Mr. Leopold James Lardner, assistant librarian to the British Museum, aged 39. Deceased, who resided at 9, Cornwall Villas, on Tuesday morning left his residence for the Museum, and on his way the horse in his brougham knocked down a man, which greatly agitated the deceased, who was at all times of a very excitable temperament. On arriving at the Museum he refused to pass down a dark passage leading to his office by himself, as he said he was afraid the arches would fall upon him. At length he became so excited that it was found necessary that he should be conveyed home. Mr. Bailey, surgeon, of Grafton Place, was then called in and prescribed for him, and he became better; but it was deemed advisable to keep some one with him. However, he on a sudden very peremptorily ordered the servant girl to quit his room, on the second floor, which order she unfortunately obeyed. He then flung himself from the window, and received such frightful injuries that he expired in a few minutes after he was taken up. The jury returned a verdict of insanity.

EXTENSIVE FIRE AT KINGSLAND.—On Tuesday morning last, a fire, attended with a great loss of property, and almost fatal consequences to an entire family, broke out on the premises of Mr. Thomas Hay, the extensive cabinet-maker, Laburnum Terrace, Kingsland Road. The fire was not subdued until the stock, furniture, and house were burned out, although every exertion was made by the men; and the adjoining premises belonging to Mr. James Smart, Mr. S. Bland, and others, were severely damaged by fire and water. Cause unknown.

DEADFUL CATASTROPHE AT CWMAYON.—It appears that Messrs. Carr and Morrison have a pit in work at Cwmayon, Aberdare, which is about 250 yards deep. The men are conveyed to and from their work by an engine at the top of the shaft, which lifts and lets down a large box or tram for this purpose. The same shaft and engine are used for bringing up the minerals, horses, &c. On Wednesday evening, last week, the man in charge of the engines left his post about five o'clock, and another engine-man, named Solomon Lloyd, took his place, it being his turn to work that night. As soon as the tram approaches the top from below it touches a bell, which gives the engine driver timely intimation in order to stop the ascent. In this case the unfortunate man in charge says the bell did not ring as usual; the engine, however, continued its course, and the tram, containing eight men who were leaving work, was in a moment hurled against the pulley at the top, and the next moment it was, with its living freight, falling with frightful velocity down the shaft they had just ascended. The chain which lifted the tram coming in contact with the pulley had snapped. The scene presented at the bottom of the pit, a few minutes afterwards, was of the most harrowing description. The tram had dashed itself against the edge of a deep bank at the bottom of the pit, knocking the framework into pieces; and in the immediate neighbourhood were the remains of five mutilated bodies. The other three must have fallen into the water, as they have not been found. An investigation into the circumstances will take place soon.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE EVICTIONS IN IRELAND.—One of the Galway papers publishes a reference to the recent collision arising out of the attempt of the authorities to eject some seven or eight families off the lands. Mrs. Blake states that she agreed to accept. In October, however, she discovered that they had determined to hold the lands by force. Mrs. Blake admits that they had but she gives the following reasons for wishing to rid her estate of these "cultural tenants":—"Although, under the reign of terror, I dared not oppose the Ribbon conspiracy organised on the estate, the same being, during the last few weeks, pretty well made manifest to the public, I may, without fear, state that the bullets were ready for him if he did not keep off. I received a letter one year and a-half since myself, threatening that I was to be assassinated if I did not settle with the tenants; it is perfectly well known that the country, among the lower classes, that our faithful servants are devoted to assassination. I was informed by a man on the estate that there was a subscription raised among the tenants for £5 to pay a hired assassin to take me, and the ringleader or captain was named, and various particulars detailed in corroboration of the fact. The late outbreak was organised by the same man, and has been going on since the 21st inst., on which day the tenants assembled, armed with spades, pitchforks, and other weapons, to resist the sheriff and police; they caught hold of our steward and threatened to kill him at all hazards; afterwards they forbade the few tenants that were left to us from giving a hand to any work about the place on peril of their lives; a shot into one poor man's house in the night, and scattered his wife and children, because he refused to join the combination. Latterly I was threatened with the fate of poor Miss Hinds." The three persons against whom a verdict of "Wilful Murder" has been returned for the recent murder of Tallow, have been committed to Waterford goal.

THE STRIKE AT MANCHESTER.—Messrs. R. Birley & Co., and some others of the firms whose hands are on strike, have issued a second address in which the masters repeat the statement formerly made, that organised efforts have been a source of continual disturbance to their establishments during past years, and in self-defence, they have been compelled to organise also. Numerous addresses have been given to the men through "Union" interference, and this in disregard of the parity or otherwise of the prices demanded with those paid in similar work in the neighbourhood, so that now the inequality in the rate of 1,000 hanks for mule spinning is very great. Mules worked without eight hanks of Manchester at 1s. 2d. per 1,000 hanks, could cost 1s. 9d. per 1,000 at Manchester. The operatives say their wages average only 18s. per week, but they would be considerably increased, even at the reduced prices now offered, if they were willing to work the mules in the manner proposed by the masters. Instead of their acceding to this, attempts have been made in other places to compel hands who are quite satisfied with their work and wages to give up their leave, in order, if possible, to destroy the application of this system of working mules in Manchester altogether. As respects what was urged by the operatives about the Ashton prices, the manufacturers in Manchester who have closed their works would be very willing to re-open them at the present Ashton list of prices. The operatives are reminded that when the advance of 1853 was one day at Manchester, the self-acting mules and piecers stated that they would consent to its withdrawal when the state of trade was reversed. We say, finally, to the masters, in taking our leave of further public discussion, that when they are prepared to resume work, we shall be willing to receive them, in no spirit of exultation, but in the sincere desire for better times for all parties.

INCENDIARISM IN BERKSHIRE.—The high price of corn and the consequent dearth of food, with the low rate of wages which prevails, are creating a dissatisfaction among the labouring classes, and this is now being developed in acts of incendiarism. It is now about a fortnight since that much agricultural property was destroyed by an incendiary in the Vale of Berks, but last week a similar act was perpetrated in the eastern part of the county. On Wednesday night a fire broke out in the rickyard on Hinton House Farm, Hurst, about a mile from the station on the Great Western Railway. Immediately upon the discovery being made an alarm was raised, and in a short time hundreds of persons assembled at the scene of devastation. There were eight ricks in the yard, but the two standing in the centre, and the three on the south side, notwithstanding the liberal supply of water and the strenuous exertions of the two fire-brigades from Reading, were entirely destroyed. The property destroyed consisted of a large wheatearick, three oatricks, and a hayrick, of the value of nearly £1,000. Mr. Hicks is insured in the Royal Farmers and General Fire Office.

ACCIDENT AT THE PLYMOUTH THEATRE.—Miss Julie, who was so seriously injured a week ago at the Plymouth Theatre, in consequence of her dress becoming ignited while she was dancing on the stage, is in a fair way of recovery, although very seriously injured. A Plymouth paper says:—"The case of the young lady is a sad one. She was the prop and support of a widowed mother and several young children, and, at the time of the accident, we are informed she had a good engagement coming on at the Dublin Theatre, where she was to play Columbine; and she took an engagement here previous to her going to the Irish capital. Not only is she a great personal sufferer, but her family suffers severely also."

THE KING OF SARDINIA.

THE visit of the King of Sardinia to the court and capital of England, was an event, in many respects, well calculated to elicit public enthusiasm. Indeed there are few intelligent persons, who can contemplate without interest, the present position and prospects of our royal Ally, as a European potentate. People, gifted with historic tastes, and capable of appreciating the mighty past, cannot fail to sympathise strongly with the living representative of the great old House of Savoy; while the lovers of national freedom, and the advocates of salutary progress, have good reason to feel favourably disposed towards the first of the sovereigns of Italy who, separating himself from the powers of despotism and intolerance, has dared to trust his people with constitutional government, who has bidden defiance to the priests of a base superstition, and who, in that Russian war which are bound up the honour of England and the destinies of the world, has thrown the weight of his power and influence into the scale of liberty against despotism, and of justice against oppression.

The personal appearance of a royal visitor to our shores is a matter, in regard to which a good deal of curiosity is generally experienced. Well, then, imagine a military-looking personage of decidedly foreign aspect, thirty-five years of age, or thereabouts, not tall in stature, but strong in body and erect in carriage, with small, and peculiarly piercing eyes, an ample forehead, a fair complexion, intelligent features, light hair, and immense moustachios, which owe their length to a singular combination of moustache and whisker, and which, by the bye, are stated to have created quite a sensation among the ladies of Paris; array such a figure in the bright blue tunic and the trousers of light gray, with black straps, which constitute the uniform of a Sardinian general officer, decorate his broad chest with a cross of the Legion of Honour, and the "Soldier's Medal," the recent complimentary presents of the Emperor Napoleon; and you have before your "mind's eye," King Victor Emmanuel, as he appeared last week, to the crowds who thronged the streets of our metropolis, to bid him welcome to "the proud isle of liberty."

Long before the Hapsburgs or the Romanoffs had emerged from obscurity—before the name of Stuart or Bourbon was heard of, and even before the ancient Counts of Anjou had assumed, from their sprig of flowering broom, the name of Plantagenet, which afterwards became so grand and glorious—indeed, while Saxon and Dane were still contending for supremacy in England, and when the feeble heirs of Charlemagne had hardly ceased to enact the part of Royal ciphers in France—we find the ancestors of Victor Emmanuel playing a part in European affairs. The cradle of the House of Savoy was the little domain of Maurienne, a valley of Savoy, extending from the Alps to the river Isère on one side, and from the Tanais to Dauphiné on the other. In the eleventh century, some importance was acquired for this small territory by Count Humbert "of the White Hand," who, having rendered an essential service to the Emperor of Germany, by forwarding the Imperial troops into Italy, was rewarded with military jurisdiction over the other parts of Savoy, the Lower Valais, and the Valley of Aosta in Piedmont. A son of the "White Hand" here marrying the heiress of the Count of Turin, extended his dominions to the River Po, and acquired the passes of the Western Alps; and towards the close of the fifteenth century, Turin became the capital of their gradually increasing territory.

With the peace of Chateau Cambresis, in 1559, commences the modern history of the House of Savoy. Their Italian possessions, which had been alienated, were restored, though not evacuated by the French till 1574. Five Dukes of Savoy carry on the succession to Victor Amadeus II. This Prince was at first treated as a vassal by Louis XIV., and too readily acceded to that King's desire to persecute his Protestant subjects in the valleys of Piedmont, the Waldenses. But Louis demanding from him the citadel of Turin, Victor declared war against France, and

travely maintained it till France was well pleased to make peace. At length, the Grand Monarch, struck with the energy of the Duke, gave him the hand of his niece, Anne Marie d'Orleans, daughter of his brother, Monsieur, by his first wife, Henrietta Maria, daughter of our first Charles. On the extinction of the male line of Charles I., the descendants of Victor Amadeus and Anne Marie d'Orleans were the representatives of the Stuarts. In consequence of this marriage, the influence of France was exerted for the Duke of Savoy, who obtained by treaty Valais, Monteferrato, the Lomellina, and several other districts in Italy.

By the Treaty of Utrecht, he was granted Sicily with the title of King, and he was crowned at Palermo; but he exchanged it in 1718 for the Island of Sardinia; and from this settlement dates the origin of the present monarchy of Sardinia. Meanwhile, in 1630, the family had divided into two branches, that of Savoy, which became extinct in 1831, in the person of Charles Felix, and that of Carignano, to which the reigning sovereign belongs.

The princes of the House of Savoy have, it appears, been remarkable among governing races for appreciating the spirit of the age in which they flourished; and, in 1831, when Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano, and father of the present king, succeeded to the throne of Sardinia, he took measures to civilise the island, lessening the burdens of the inhabitants, and abolishing, in 1836, the oppressive exactions of their feudal system, and he occupied himself in framing a constitution, and reconciling feuds in his hereditary estates. He had to contend with the restless Carbonari, eager republicans; with an Austrian party, the allies of despotism, and with a Papal party; for the rise of a powerful and liberal state in the north of Italy was contrary to the policy hitherto pursued by Rome.

Under these circumstances, he applied, in the first year of his reign, to Louis Philippe, to know if he might count on the support of that monarch in case he granted his subjects a constitution; but the King of the French replied that "he was sufficiently plagued and worried with his own charter at home, without taking upon himself the championship of similar institutions abroad;" and twenty years, during which great changes were silently preparing, passed over. However, when 1848, the year of revolutions, arrived, when Europe was in convulsions; when, on all hands, thrones were overturned and dynasties uprooted; when kings were flying from their exasperated subjects, and subjects from their infuriated kings; and when the Pope assumed the office of regenerating Italy, Charles Albert raised the banner of Piedmont; and six days after the Austrians had been driven from Milan, he crossed the Ticino and proclaimed a national war.

Victor Emmanuel, the eldest son of King Charles Albert, and the subject of the portrait on our first page, had been born in the year 1820, educated with some care by the priests, and united, in 1842, to an Archduchess of the House of Hapsburg. This prince, who then bore the title of Duke of Savoy, resolved to share the fortunes of the campaign, and having done his duty as a brave and gallant soldier in the disastrous actions that ensued, he bore himself with a courage worthy of his race, in the fatal battle of Novara, fought on the 24th of March, 1849. On the evening of that day his Royal father, saddened by defeat, but calm in adversity, returned to the Bellini Palace; and a rumour spread, that, in order to allay the irritation of the Piedmontese, who did not make due allowance for the difficulties of his position, he was about to abdicate. Victor Emmanuel, and his brother, the Duke of Genoa, with the Minister Cavour, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Lieutenant-Generals and Commanders of Divisions, were summoned to the Royal presence. When King Charles Albert entered the room in which the council had assembled, the emotion of those present showed that they were aware of his intention; but the King, advancing with calmness and dignity, said—"Gentlemen,—Fortune has betrayed your courage and my hopes: our army is dissolved; it would be impossible to prolong the struggle. My task is accomplished, and I think I shall render an important service to my country by giving a last proof of devotedness in abdicating in favour of my son, Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. He will obtain from Austria conditions of peace which she would refuse if treating with me." The other actors in this scene burst into tears, but the King himself appeared unmoved; and all the arguments of his son to shake his resolution proved vain. The King then embraced all who were present, thanked them for the services they had rendered him, and said—"I am no longer your King. Be faithful and devoted to my son, as you have been to me." He then withdrew to write to the queen, and having charged the Duke of Savoy to deliver the letter of adieu with his own hand, betook himself to voluntary exile, and died soon after in Portugal.

Meanwhile, as Gallenga tells us, in his "History of Piedmont," when Victor Emmanuel II. re-entered Turin on the 26th of March, at night, two days after the battle of Novara, but little was known about his character, and that little by no means to his advantage. He had proved himself a daring, dashing soldier, and a keen sportsman, but, for the rest, his manners were described as harsh and haughty. He was the son and husband of Austrian princesses, and the pupil of Jesuits. When he joined his father in pledging his Royal faith to the Constitution on the 1st of February, 1849, his huskiness of voice and sourness of mien had been the theme of ungenerous comments. The democratic Ministry had resigned on the first tidings of the fatal issue of the war, and a new Cabinet had been formed under General de Launay, one of the well-known reactionary counsellors of Charles Albert. The appointment had caused the greatest uneasiness. For days and months, Piedmont was kept in a state of breathless suspense.

On March 28, the new King received the deputation from the Chamber of Deputies of Turin, charged to inform him that the representatives of the nation continued to promise him all the means they could dispose of to carry on the great work begun by his father. King Victor Emmanuel thanked the deputation for their grateful memory of his father; he then gave several details on the late disastrous campaign, and mentioned several corps of the army which had fought bravely. He said his father, Charles Albert, had determined to abdicate in consequence of the heavy conditions imposed by the enemy, being such as broke his heart. The King added, "I have already obtained a considerable mitigation of the conditions, and I shall do my best that these conditions may be reduced." The King then spoke still more of the war; he willingly accepted the generous offer of the nation to continue the war of independence. In this question, he said, he would not quit the footsteps of his honoured father; the nation might be assured that he had nothing more at heart than the honour of the country. It was with difficulty that Victor Emmanuel could compose the agitations of the kingdom. At Genoa, the Republican party rose in revolt. The Chambers, too, refused to ratify the best treaty which the King could make with Austria, and were dissolved.

The King of Sardinia, however, was not a man to be fooled by dreams, or daunted by difficulties. His character was too true, honest, and courageous; and, though he was not learned in books (for, as a contemporary remarks, the priests love not learning), he possessed considerable knowledge of men, and what was of not less consequence, a keen perception of the circumstances in which he was placed. When Austria offered to insure to him Parma, if he would give up the Constitution he had sworn to maintain, Victor Emmanuel preferred his honour to the tempting bait; but when the inhabitants of Genoa rose in insurrection, expelled the Royal garrison, and proclaimed a Provisional Government, he soon taught them that he was prepared to maintain his rights as a constitutional sovereign. He acted on the occasion with characteristic vigour and decision; and General Della Marmora, raising a formidable force, laid siege to Genoa, and speedily compelled submission to the Royal authority. It was not, however, till the opening of 1850, that the Sardinian Parliament ratified the peace with Austria, which was then essential to the internal order of the country, and which has since enabled King and people to walk steadily forward hand in hand, toward national improvement and civil progress.

Soon after Victor Emmanuel was seated on the throne of Sardinia, began his struggle with the Papal See. He joined with his people in disregarding the monstrous pretensions of the Pope, who had sought to encroach on the national independence of his kingdom in temporal matters, and, though adhering to the faith of his ancestors, he determined to commence such a policy as would ultimately separate the Sardinian States, in spiritual matters, from Rome. In conjunction with his Parliament, he dealt with

the noxious institutions in the Church in the way which they jointly believed to be for the general welfare of his people; and he has pursued his resolution with a courage that is proof against the thunders of the Vatican.

As time passed on, the King of Sardinia, in spite of his connection with the perfidious House of Hapsburg, signed, on the 26th January, 1855, a military convention with France and England; and, soon after, despatched to the Crimea, under General Della Marmora, that noble army, which, under the white cross of Savoy, fought so successfully, so gallantly, and so well on the banks of the Tchernaya.

But if the public career of Victor Emmanuel has been thus far honourable to himself and advantageous to his country, his domestic life has been clouded by great sorrows. He was a most affectionate husband, a devoted son, and a fond brother. Within a very few months he laid his mother, his wife, and his brother in the grave; and while he was still mourning the loss of relatives so near and dear, a fever, caused by his riding through a stream up to the neck while hunting, brought him to the very verge of the tomb.

When the King was in this dangerous situation, it is said that the great difficulty of his medical advisers and those about him was to make him aware of his own importance, and to impress him with a conviction of how valuable his life was, not only to Sardinia and Italy, but to European civilisation in general. He was spared, however, to the prayers of his subjects with whom he is most popular, and who emphatically characterise him as "the honest man;" and, indeed, the lovers of order and freedom have much cause to rejoice in the restoration to health of a prince whose truth, boldness, and energy have vanquished the grave difficulties and serious dangers under which his regal career opened, whose good faith has won him the love and esteem of his own people, and whose rectitude, discernment, and sagacity in pursuing a course of policy, equally removed from the Scylla of despotism and the Charybdis of revolution, have not only given order and tranquillity to Sardinia, but inspired even reasoning politicians with the hope of seeing modern Italy restored, under the auspices of the ancient House of Savoy, to liberty, prosperity, and importance.

VISIT OF THE KING OF SARDINIA.

THE King of Sardinia arrived at Dover in the *Vivid* steamer, on the morning of Friday, the 30th ult., and was there received, amidst a royal salute by the naval and military authorities of the port, the Sardinian Minister, General Grey, and several members of the Queen's household sent down to welcome him. When the train which conveyed his Majesty reached the Bricklayers' Arms station, Prince Albert was in attendance, and no sooner had it stopped than the Prince advanced to the Royal carriage, and greeted the King with hearty welcome. His Royal Highness then introduced his Majesty to the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex. His Majesty in return introduced Count Cavour, and the other leading members of his numerous suite.

In those grand streets that from this point formed the route of the Royal procession, flags were abundant and waving handkerchiefs innumerable. Such few distinguished persons as were in town presented themselves at balconies and windows along the line. There was not wanting a fair representation of the beauty of England. Indeed, as on all occasions of public show, the spectators themselves formed a brilliant portion of the spectacle. In Pall Mall, the Army and Navy Club, and the Guards' Club, were conspicuous for their display of banners, and not the less so from their welcoming a fellow-soldier.

The reception of the King by the people of the metropolis was indeed of the most hearty kind. As he was seated in an open carriage, Prince Albert by his side, he was well seen, and could not miss the tribute of cheers and waving of handkerchiefs freely rendered to him. His progress up Parliament Street was a veritable triumph. He received almost as cordial a reception as the Emperor of the French himself, but there was no Empress to grace the show with her beauty, or to win the hearts of the spectators with bright smiles and captivating salutations.

When the King arrived at the Great Western Railway station, the Right Hon. S. H. Walpole, Chairman of the Directors, the Deputy-chairman, and a crowd of ladies, stood ready to do him honour.

A considerable number of persons, principally ladies, assembled at the Windsor station for the purpose of welcoming his Majesty. A portion of the platform was carpeted, and around this portion was placed a slight iron railing, draped with crimson cloth, outside of which the spectators were placed. In front of the station six of the royal carriages were stationed. Beyond these was a guard of honour of the 22nd Foot. The road from the railway station to the Castle gates was lined by a detachment of infantry, and the area inside the gates was occupied by a guard of honour of Grenadier Guards.

The train which conveyed his Majesty and suite reached the station precisely at two o'clock. On alighting from the state carriage his Majesty was received by the municipal authorities. Politely acknowledging the cheers with which he was received, his Majesty proceeded through the reception room, and entered the first of the royal carriages, which drove off at a brisk pace, followed by the other carriages, containing the royal suite. During this time the bells were ringing merrily, and the greeting given to his Majesty by the crowd assembled along the route, was of the most gratifying description.

RECEPTION AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The King of Sardinia arrived at the Castle at a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon. Her Majesty received her illustrious guest, on alighting from his carriage, at the grand entrance. The Queen was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Alfred, and the Princess Alice, and was attended by the Duchess of Sutherland and the Ladies in Waiting, the Officers of State of her household, and the Gentlemen in Waiting. The Duke of Cambridge, Viscount Palmerston, and the Earl of Clarendon, were also at the grand entrance. All the Gentlemen in Waiting appeared in official costume.

The King was attended by the Marquis d'Azeglio, his representative at the English Court, le Comte de Cavour, le Duc Pasqua, le Chevalier Nigra, le Comte Morozzo de la Rocca, le Chevalier Maxime d'Azeglio, le Chevalier Luserna d'Angrogna, le Chevalier Carderina, le Chevalier Cigala, le Comte de Persan, le Chevalier Riberi, le Comte de Barone, le Comte de Robilant, and also by Lord Byron and Colonel the Hon. A. N. Hood, Lord and Groom in Waiting to the Queen, deputed to attend his Majesty during his stay in this country.

Within the quadrangle of the Castle, a Guard of Honour was on duty of the Grenadier Guards, and the band, on the entrance of the King into the quadrangle, commenced playing the Sardinian National air.

In the afternoon, the King, with the Queen and Prince Albert, and the Duke of Cambridge, visited her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent at her residence, Frogmore.

The King of Sardinia is said to be mainly actuated, in his visit to England, by a desire to make himself acquainted with something of the vast naval and military resources of those Powers with whom he has entered into alliance, and on Saturday he visited Woolwich, in company with her Majesty, and devoted the day to the inspection of the arsenal.

The King attended divine service on Sunday, at the Royal Sardinian Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, accompanied by a numerous suite. His Majesty arrived precisely at eleven o'clock, and was received at the entrance of the chapel by Cardinal Wiseman and the chaplains of the embassy.

THE VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.

On Monday his Majesty, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, paid a visit to Portsmouth Dockyard and the fleet at Spithead. They reached the Clarence Victualling-yard at 11 o'clock, and there paused for a short time in order to inspect the Marine battalion, just landed from the *Jura*, which came into harbour with them from the Crimea a few days ago. The men had made no change in their dress, and were just as they had been put on board the transport—their beards untouched, their uniforms threadbare, and their water-bottles slung round their shoulders, as if they had come fresh from the trenches. The Royal party, in passing up and down the ranks of these war-worn fellows, manifested a lively interest in them.

On their return to the harbour after inspecting the fleet, his Majesty was conducted to the much-honoured old *Victory*, and shown the spot where Nelson fell.

The attention of the King was next directed to some experiments made off the dockyard with Clarkson's new cork lifeboat, which was launched bodily off the dockyard jetty with a full crew, but righted at once. On landing in the dockyard, his Majesty proceeded first to view the celebrated block machinery in the wood-mills, and then went on board a 91-gun ship hitherto called the *Repulse*, but which is henceforth to bear the name of *Victor Emmanuel*. The King had completed his inspection of the ship, and was about quitting her, when Prince Albert announced to him the change contemplated, and he seemed highly gratified by the compliment.

His Majesty also visited the *Marlborough*, 131, and appeared much struck by the sweep of her main deck, which was cleared of the suite on one side in order that he might see its extent.

This concluded the Royal survey of the dockyard, and the illustrious party proceeded to Sir Thomas Cochrane's house, where luncheon had been prepared for them. After the *déjeuner*, and the usual presentation of an address, the King, the Prince, and the Duke of Cambridge, returned by special train to Windsor Castle.

VISIT TO THE CITY.

On Tuesday, the King of Sardinia, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, and the members of his suite, paid his promised visit to the City. The weather was most unpropitious, but, notwithstanding, a large concourse of respectable persons lined the path on each side of the entire route. The morning was cold and damp, a thick fog enveloping the city, a drizzling rain falling at the time—a striking contrast to the clear atmosphere and brilliant skies of sunny Italy.

Shortly after eleven, his Majesty arrived in town from Windsor; and as the Royal party drove from the railway station to Buckingham Palace, they were greeted with enthusiastic cheers from the assembled multitude.

The King wore the uniform of a Sardinian general officer—a bright blue tunic, and trousers of light gray, with black stripe. On his breast shone the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the "Soldier's Medal," which the Emperor Napoleon lately presented to him with so handsome a compliment.

The royal cortège left Buckingham Palace shortly after twelve, and reached the Guildhall as near one as possible. The route of the procession (which comprised six of her Majesty's state carriages) was along Charing Cross, Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, Chapside, Foultry, past the Mansion House, Princes Street, Gresham Street, to the Guildhall. The road was partly lined by the household troops, two squadrons of the Royal Horse Guards taking part in the procession.

The Guildhall was magnificently prepared for the occasion. As soon as it was rumoured that his Majesty was at hand, the greatest excitement prevailed amongst the distinguished personages present; and shortly after, the Royal guest, accompanied by his suite, and the Sardinian Minister, entered the hall amid enthusiastic cheering, and preceded by the Lord Mayor and the usual civic functionaries, was conducted to the throne, situated at the end of the hall.

The names of the principal guests were announced as they entered the hall by the city toast-master. Lord Palmerston, Lord Pannure, the French Ambassador, the Turkish Minister, the American Minister, the Swedish Minister, Sir Charles Napier, and the Duke of Cambridge, were most warmly received.

The brilliant suite of the Royal personage having taken up their position round the dais, the Lord Mayor advanced, and having presented the Recorder, the learned gentleman, in a distinct voice, read an address on behalf of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London.

The King of Sardinia read his reply in Italian, of which the following is a translation:—

"My Lord Mayor,—I offer my heartfelt thanks to you, to the Aldermen, and to the Commons of the City of London, for the cordial congratulations which you present to me on the occasion of my visit to her Majesty the Queen, and to the British nation.

"The reception that I met with in this ancient land of constitutional liberty, of which your address is a confirmation, is to me a proof of the sympathy inspired by the policy I have hitherto pursued, a policy in which it is my intention constantly to persevere.

"The close alliance existing between the two most powerful nations of the earth, is honourable alike to the wisdom of the Sovereigns who govern them, and to the character of their people. They have understood how preferable is a mutually advantageous friendship to ancient and ill-defined rivalry.

"This alliance is a new fact in history, and is the triumph of civilisation. Notwithstanding the misfortunes which have weighed upon my kingdom, I have entered into this alliance, because the House of Savoy ever deemed it to be its duty to draw the sword when the combat was for justice and for independence.

"If the forces which I bring to the Allies are those of a state not vast, I bring with them, nevertheless, the influence of a loyalty never doubted, and supported by the valour of an army always faithful to the banners of its Kings.

"We cannot lay down our arms until an honourable, and therefore durable peace, has been secured. This we shall accomplish by seeking unanimously the triumph of true right, and the just desires of each nation.

"I thank you for the good wishes you this day express for my future happiness, and for that of my kingdom.

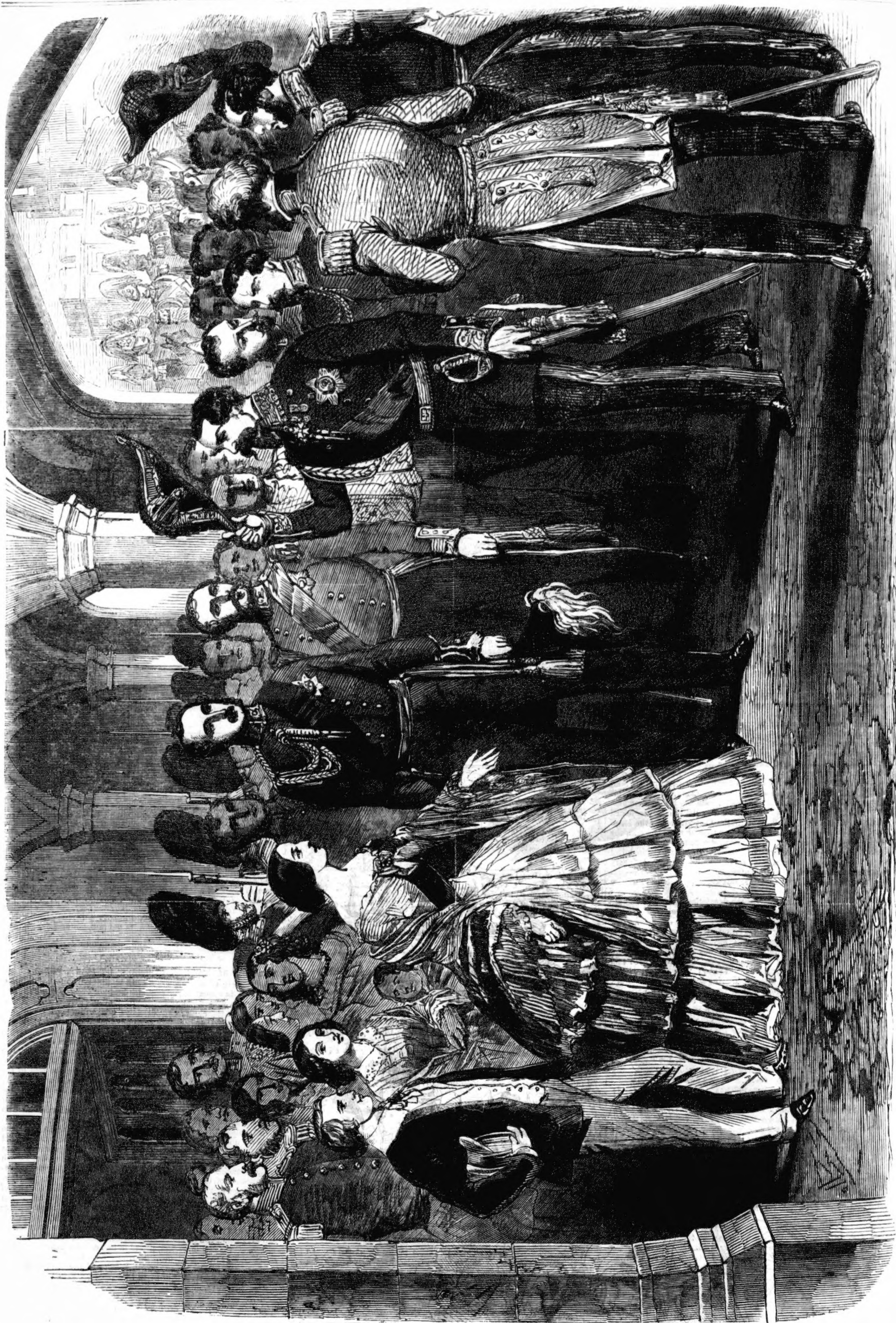
"While you thus express yourselves with respect to the future, it gives me pleasure to speak of the present, and to congratulate you on the high position attained by Great Britain. This is to be attributed to the free and noble character of the nation, and also to the virtues of your Queen."

The King, accompanied by a large number of distinguished visitors, then repaired to the Council Chamber, where they partook of an elegant banquet, the Lord Mayor presiding. Long rows of tables, amply supplied, were laid out in the Crypt, for the accommodation of the general visitors, for whom, of course, it was impossible to find accommodation in the Council Chamber.

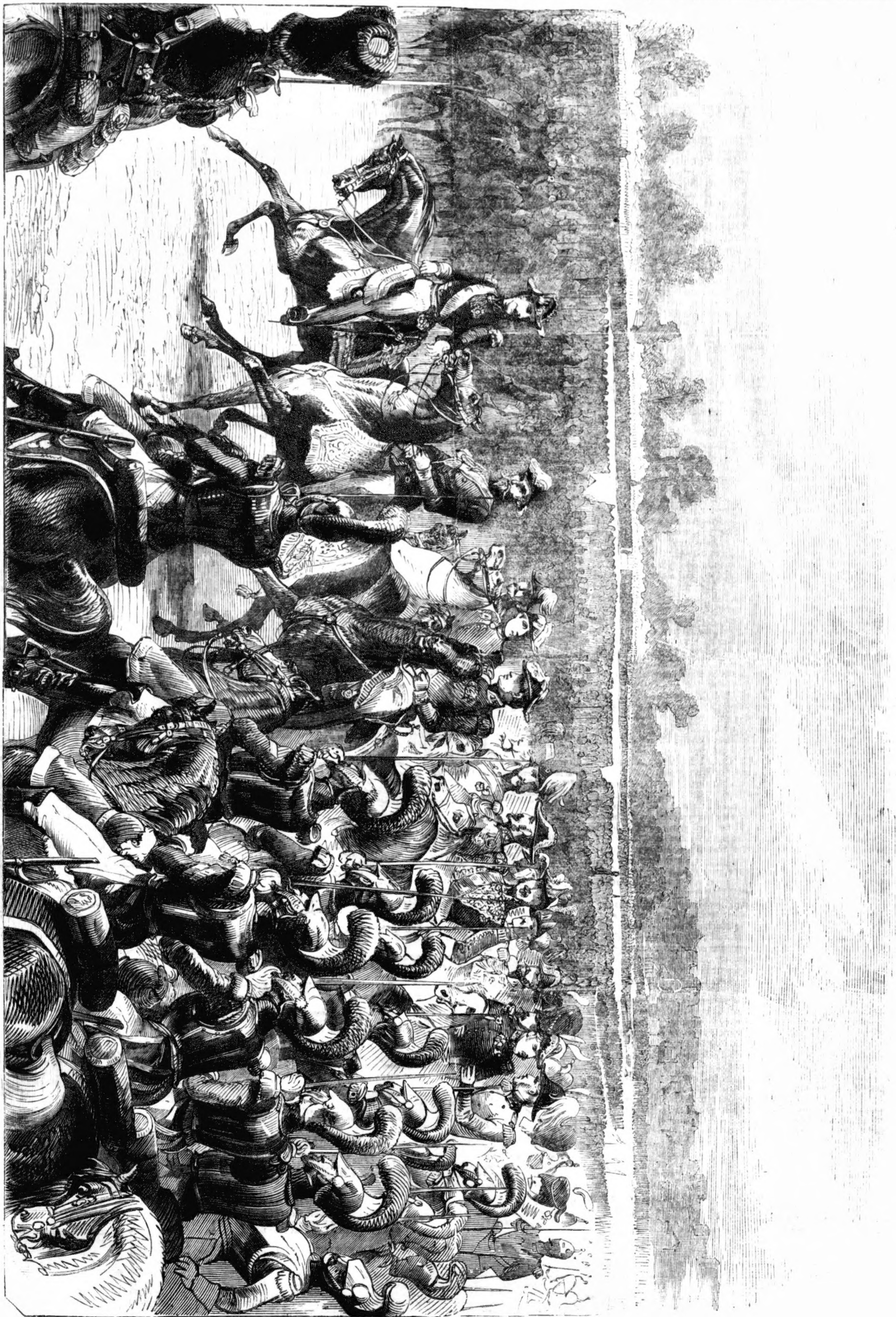
His Majesty returned in the same state from the City, but after passing through the Strand, proceeded through Duncannon Street, past the National Gallery, Regent Street, Piccadilly, to the mansion of Lord Palmerston, and after a brief interview with the Noble Premier, his Majesty returned to Windsor.

GRAND REVIEW IN THE CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS.

While the King of Sardinia was a guest at the Court of the Tuileries, a grand review, in honour of his visit, was held on Tuesday, the 27th ult., at the Champ de Mars. The troops consisted of four divisions of infantry, forming thirty-six battalions; two battalions of the Municipal Guard, five of the Imperial Guard, and one of Firemen. The cavalry was composed of two divisions, forming four brigades, two of light and two of heavy cavalry, the Guides, and Cuirassiers of the Guard, three squadrons of the Municipal Guard, and a squadron of Gendarmes. Eight batteries of Artillery, two of which, of the Imperial Guard, occupied the extremity of the parallelogram, leaving the entrance of the Champ de Mars free on the side of the bridge of Jena. The troops were drawn up in eight lines, four of infantry and four of cavalry, and the artillery took its station at the head of the bridge of Jena, facing the Ecole Militaire. About noon, the Emperor mounted his horse and rode through the garden of the Tuileries, where an immense crowd awaited his passage. His Majesty was dressed in the uniform of a Lieutenant-General. On his left rode the King of Sardinia, who wore the uniform of a Piedmontese Lieutenant-General and the Grand Cordon of the *Annunziato*, and on his left Prince Napoleon, also dressed as a Lieutenant-General. A brilliant and numerous staff, composed of French and foreign superior officers, accompanied their Majesties, who were escorted by a squadron of Cent-Gardes. The Empress followed shortly afterwards in an open carriage, with the Princess of Essling, and her ladies of honour and officers of her household in two other carriages, and a squadron of cuirassiers closed the cortège. Their Majesties were saluted everywhere on their passage with the warmest acclamations. Shortly after one o'clock they reached the Champ de Mars, and were received at the entrance by Marshal Magnan. The review immediately commenced, and the Empress, who had joined the two sovereigns, passed in her calèche before the lines and remained near them even when the troops filed by, although a place had been prepared for her Majesty on the balcony of the Military School. During the defile the troops cried as they passed "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive l'Impératrice!" "Vive Victor Emmanuel!" "Vive la Sardaigne!" The Imperial cortège returned to the Tuileries, greeted on their way by the same acclamations. The finest weather favoured this splendid military display, with which the King of Sardinia appeared highly delighted.



RECEPTION OF THE KING OF SARDINIA AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



REVIEW IN HONOUR OF THE KING OF SARDINIA, IN THE CHAMPS DE MARS, PARIS

RECEPTION OF THE KING OF SARDINIA AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1855.

MILLERS AND FLOUR.

If we remember rightly, there is a domestic drama, known to the British stage as "The Miller and his Men." A kind of farce-tragedy has been played in the neighbourhood of Lincoln lately, which might bear the same name, the *dramatis personæ* being a fraudulent miller and his assistants, and the curtain closing on a *faux pas* of punishment by fine. The magistrates having done their duty, it remains for journalists to do theirs. Never did we take up the *flagellum* with a profounder sense of the necessity of its application! The name of the miller (mark it carefully) is EAST. This EAST has a son, another EAST, who is liable to be "unwell"—though one would think he was not such a fool as to run any risk by eating his own bread. However that may be, EAST junior and senior, between them, have a way of "bringing grist to the mill," which is so brutally infamous, that language can hardly describe it or law punish it. This way of theirs was revealed to the public, in all its mean iniquity, at Lincoln, and we begin by narrating the details.

MASON—police superintendent—goes to EAST's mill with a search-warrant. He finds there "two bags and part of a bag" of white powder; he likewise finds thirty-five bags of rice; he further finds "three empty sacks," which had contained more white powder. More than that, he finds "four or five stone of alum" and fresh rice bags. He had now inspected the whole mill, in one or another part of which these articles were discovered.

Now for the explanation of the "junior" miller. Like a wise man, MASON goes to the EAST, who tells him "he used the white powder for some starch works at Nottingham," and who is "surprised" to hear of the alum. MASON, we suppose, was incredulous. The case comes before the magistrates; the magistrates decide "that the powder found on the premises was there for the purpose of being mixed with flour for domestic use; that they condemned that flour, which was proved to contain it; that they ordered the alum and the rice to be given up to Mr. EAST; and that informations be taken against Mr. EAST—first, for having in his mill the *terra alba* and flour mixed with it; and, secondly, for supplying CURTIS with flour with which *terra alba* was mixed." This CURTIS, we may remark, was the "late manager" of the mill, "once discovered" (EAST's own confession) to have been found by him using alum.

"Mr. EAST was then introduced," say the country papers, and *pleaded guilty to both charges*. We have already seen that he had denied the truth of them before, but how could he deny now? Having first lied from terror, he confessed when confession was no virtue, and stood convicted of the fraudulence of a rogue and the falsehood of a liar—a rogue without pluck, and a liar without ingenuity.

But there are abysses of meanness in some men's souls not easy to fathom. Just listen to the "explanation" presently offered on the part of EAST by one TWEED. If the working-men of this disgraced kingdom are to bear insults like this, who can wonder at dissatisfaction?

TWEED first said that EAST "had declared to him that he was perfectly ignorant of the fact of the white earth being mixed with domestic flour." After pleading "guilty"—after acknowledging fraud and falsehood—this assertion was a bit of vulgar impudence, to be treated with contempt. But mark what TWEED next said:—"Mr. EAST was the victim of his men."

Where is the proof of this? How did TWEED know this? Did the magistrates believe so—say so? We incline to think that the men have grounds for an action. So cowardly a lie was never told in our remembrance. Who will believe that the men could commit this without EAST's knowledge and directions? Why, how could they get the stuff? Who paid for it? Incredible as is the baseness of adulterating food, it is almost matched by the stupidity of such an invention, and the meanness of it exceeds belief. The condition of our poor labouring people is bad enough, God knows; but it must be a devilish spirit that at would slander them for the sake of softening its own proved guilt. We pity the poor fellows heartily; for if a proprietor wishes to adulterate, how can a working-man resist or hinder him?

The magistrates evidently thought unadulterated truth was not to be expected from a seller of adulterated flour. They tacitly stigmatised the malignant snob as a calumniator, and imposed a fine of "£10 in each case, and £2 3s. 2d. costs," besides condemning the flour, the value of which (we observe with satisfaction) was some £200.

"For months," says the "Stamford Mercury," speaking of Lincoln, "stomach complaints have tortured the people, and puzzled the medical men." No wonder: alum and *terra alba* are not favourable to the human interior. When

"The spirit of murder works in the very means of life" (TENNYSON), a people cannot be healthy. But if such be the physical state of a community, what is the moral one? Deliberately to pollute bread for gain, is, probably, as gross a crime as can be committed against Almighty God and the human society which He has here established. We wonder what are EAST's feelings when he listens to certain portions of the Lord's Prayer?

The most awful consideration is, that this crime may be more general than we suppose. Is EAST likely to be alone? If one man does it, do not many? We hope not; but it is high time that the English people should insist on rigid inquiry and sharp punishment. How petty a punishment is a fine—a fine covered by the profit of the fraud at more lucky past times!

But let what the country suffers from such offences to far distant days. Let us suppose an EAST to go on undetected for years; he makes money—he becomes rich—and riches are all but everything. He buys out an old landed family in time, and sends his son to college, to be made what is called "a gentleman." Riches grow; the son marries into a family which has played the same game with "chicory nibs," or "red precipitate," the daughter scuffles in a St. James's mob to be "presented," the grandson becomes a baronet; the generation after that (for, of course, they have dabbled in politics) bloom out in the peerage! And so the whole British Constitution gets "adulterated," like the bag of flour from which all this prosperity began. For what is a fellow who adulterates flour but a lump of human alum or *terra alba* in the population? What sort of blood will he transmit, muddened by plaster of Paris?

Heavy punishments, swinging inflictions—these are what we require. We have transported PAUL and Co.; let us see how we can get rid of a pettier brood of villains.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF LONDON and the central districts are beginning to take up the movement, already so widely spread, on behalf of reformatory schools, and Lord E. Howard and the Rev. Dr. Manning have taken a large house in Hammer Smith for the reception of twenty-four inmates.

A MADRID LETTER of the 26th ult., says that the English Government is purchasing a great number of mules in the provinces nearest the sea for the army in the Crimea.

CARDINAL WISEMAN is advertised to give a public lecture at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday next, on the "Perceptions of Natural Beauties by the Ancients and Moderns."

MRS. GASKELL, the author of "Mary Barton," has undertaken to write the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," (author of "Jane Eyre," at the earnest request, it is said, of both father and husband, who have placed all materials at her disposal.

A PORTRAIT MODEL of the King of Sardinia, in the uniform of a Sardinian general, has just been completed, and placed at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of Wax Works.

THE SULTAN has ordered medals in gold and silver to be struck off in honour of the fall of Sebastopol, and distributed to all the officers of the Allied armies who have taken part in the siege.

CHOLERA has made its appearance at the hospital of Scutari with considerable virulence.

A DRAMA, entitled "Jane Eyre," and founded upon the celebrated novel of that name, was performed last week with great success at the Theatre du Vaudeville, Brussels, the scene of the last romance written by the lamented author.

GIBSON, the sculptor, is at present in Rome, engaged in modelling one of the bas-reliefs for the base of the Queen's statue, in the group to be placed in the Houses of Parliament, representing the Queen enthroned between Justice and Clemency.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has subscribed £50 to the fund for the erection of a monument to the Marquis of Londonderry.

THE ESTATE of the late Mr. Maurice O'Connell, M.P., was sold last week in the Encumbered Estates Court.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER has addressed a letter to Prince Gortschakoff, expressing his "sincere gratitude" for the "signal services rendered to Russia by the manner in which the Prince has retreated before the enemy, step by step, and adopted those wise views which ought to be the guide of an experienced leader."

A RESPECTABLE FARMER, named Nolan, a tenant on the estate of the Earl of Besborough, near Garryhill, County of Carlow, has entered upon the 114th year of his age, and appears smart and intelligent, and free from the usual infirmities of old age.

CARDINAL WISEMAN delivered the inaugural lecture to the St. James's Young Men's Society, Winchester Row, on Monday last, in which he severely criticised Lord J. Russell's recent lecture in Exeter Hall.

THE RIGHT HON. R. V. SMITH has conferred an Indian cadetship upon Mr. William Edward West (aged 17, and son of the late Dr. West of Dublin), who obtained the first place at the last October entrance examination in Trinity College.

LORD AND LADY LYNDEHURST were received by the Emperor and Empress of the French last week, and the honour is enhanced by the fact being conspicuously announced in a separate paragraph in the leading columns of the "Moniteur."

THE "SCOTSMAN" says that the friends of the poet Robert Nicoll, are making considerable progress in getting up a monument to his memory.

ST. PETERSBURG LETTERS of the 26th of November, state that the Neva was full of ice, and that a heavy fall of snow had occurred; while at Riga, passengers could walk across the frozen river.

A SERVICE commemorative of the Polish insurrection of 1830, was celebrated on the 29th ult., in the Church of the Assumption, in presence of nearly all the Polish emigrants now in Paris, and a meeting was afterwards held at the Hotel Lambert, at which the venerable Prince Czartoryski delivered an appropriate address.

AN ULTRAMONTANE JOURNAL, to resemble the "Univers" of Paris, is about to appear at Vienna.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE has arrived in Paris from the Crimea and Circassia, and is daily expected in London.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES of Stockholm has elected as foreign members M. Leverrier, Director of the Observatory of Paris; and Sir R. Murchison, President of the Geological Society of London.

A LETTER FROM TURIN, in the "Daily News," states that the Piedmontese Police, in reply to inquiries from London, have stated that Colonel Turr is an Austrian spy.

THE VICTORIA RIFLES, the volunteer corps for the county of Middlesex, will muster for drill every Wednesday evening, during the winter months, at Allen's Riding School, Bryanston Square.

THE TURKISH ARMY OF THE DANUBE will, we learn, be increased next spring to about 80,000 men, and march to the Pruth, in order to carry the war into Bessarabia, and two divisions of French and English troops will proceed to Varna from the Crimea to support the operation.

THE 190TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SCOTTISH HOSPITAL was commemorated on Monday evening at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, by a public dinner, at which the Lord Mayor presided.

THE EXTRAORDINARY METEOR which was observed in the vicinity of the metropolis on Friday night week, was seen at a distance of upwards of 100 miles from London.

THE JOURNEMEN SAILMAKERS of Bristol have, in consequence of the exorbitant price of provisions, applied to their employers for an advance of wages to the amount of 6d. per 100 yards, and had their request complied with.

THE NEW AUSTRIAN CONCORDAT will set aside no less than 21,000 Aulic decrees, which have been issued at various times to complete or explain the application of the civil code in matters relating to the church.

A HAMBURG JOURNAL propounds the extraordinary piece of news, that the Russian fleet has been found to have remained too long inactive, and that a portion of it, at least, will be sent on service.

MR. W. WILLIAMS, M.P. for Lambeth, met a numerous body of his constituents on Monday evening, at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, for the purpose of explaining his political conduct during the last session.

GENERAL BARON O'DONNEAU, General Officer of the Legion of Honour and Commander of the Order of St. Louis, has just died at the Chateau d'Antouillet (Seine-et-Oise), at the age of 85.

A MEMORIAL, on behalf of John Frost, the exile, who is now more than 70 years of age, is being signed in Keighley, praying his Majesty to allow him to return to his native country.

MR. STAFFORD is, according to report, to move for an inquiry into the grievances of the medical department of our army in the Crimea on the meeting of Parliament.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL has written a letter, expressive of his sense of the kindness manifested towards him by the people of Glasgow, but stating that as he was to leave for the Crimea in a few days, he could not promise to visit Scotland previous to his departure.

MRS. S. C. HALL, Hon. Secretary to the "Nightingale Fund," says, in a letter which appears in a daily contemporary, "No offerings, indeed, could be so gratifying to the friends of Miss Nightingale as those of the relatives of soldiers who sick bed she has tended, whose wounds she has healed, or whose deaths she has made tranquil and hopeful."

THE "YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION" which was the first to welcome the King of Sardinia to England, and to read to him a lecture on his religious and political duties, has been facetiously compared by the "Times" to an American Association styled "The Young Women's Anti-Young-Men-Waiting-at-the-Church-doors-with-ulterior-objects Society."

IN ADDITION to the usual prizes, to be distributed in connection with the Liverpool Art Union, will be eighty valuable prints, said to be worth a guinea each, and which, being a gift to the society, take nothing from its funds.

THERE ARE 254, beetroot sugar manufactories in France, and above fifteen millions of kilograms of sugar have been made during the present season against nine millions up to the same period last year.

Numerous BATTALIONS of the Spanish army are said to be forming with the Minie rifle.

THE WORKING of the mineral wealth of the mountains of Sierra Nevada is about to commence on a grand scale, an English engineer sent by a company of London, Paris, and Madrid, being of opinion that the working presents no great difficulty.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has just authorised the payment of the arrears due to the soldiers of the Oporto Legion, formed in 1830, and known at first by the name of the Belgian Portuguese Legion.

LORD PASMORE has instructed an intelligent field-officer, says the "United Service Gazette," to make inquiry into the system of raising men for the French army, and the particulars and nature of the penalties enforced on conscripts refusing to serve.

A VIENNA DESPATCH announces that Omar Pacha recommenced offensive operations against the Russians in Asia, on the 9th ult.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

In the midst of a thorough November fog; dazzled by the extraordinary spectacle of gaslight burning in counting-house windows in what had hitherto been broad noon; and deafened by the clang of the church bells, the King of Sardinia entered the City on Tuesday, and went through a miserable ceremonial to which all great people who visit us are apparently destined. He was compelled to go and stand in that gloomy, damp, old Guildhall, with those two ridiculous statues glaring down upon him; he was compelled to listen to a lengthy address, not one word of which was understood, and to reply in a speech which was equally unintelligible to his audience; he was compelled to be presented to the Lord Mayor (Heaven preserve us!) to the "mover and seconder of the address"; and he was compelled to eat a quantity of indigestible luncheon, and to receive homethrough the same fog and shouting which he had experienced in coming. I cannot think he has had a very pleasant time of it. His reception, not being particularly enthusiastic, let them say what they will, and the mind, not from any ill-feeling on the part of the English, but from ignorance and indifference. How many of the people living in the City think you, knew where Sardinia is, or anything about its king and his except—so far as the war is concerned—that they are "on our side"? I have had miserable weather, too. On Sunday last, being at the "Star" Garter, at Richmond, I saw one of the postillions who had driven his majesty to Kew, I believe. (He went to see the Princess Mary of Cambridge, I heard, and is said to have matrimonial ideas in that quarter.) So I led out to speak to this postillion; and, always willing to add to my stock of information, asked him what sort of a person the King was? "He was the answer, 'Oh, he's a cold core!' A cold core! That was the postboy's notion of the majesty of Sardinia; derived most likely of the fact, that the royal teeth had been chattering in the royal mouth, and the royal body shivering intensely during their progress through the raw November air. In the crowd, too, on Tuesday, I heard a remark—"Where does this fellow live when he's at home, Jim?"—one of two printers standing just in front of me. "Tu-reen," said the other, "Tu-reen!" echoed the first, looking up into the thick yellow fog, "he'd find pea-soup enough here to fill it!" A roar of laughter followed, and my witty friend was unanimously chosen first jester for the remainder of the time the crowd held together. Can you tell me, Sir, why a dreadful system of sending up addresses is allowed to continue? We are mayors and corporations—those terrors of all enlightened men—permitted to harass and worry every distinguished person that arrives in this land with their forward fooleries and ungrammatical addresses. Norwich, Leicester, Manchester, York, and many other towns, all together in Town Council, and speechily to each other, and vote an engross on vellum a number of old conventional good wishes, strung together with little sentences about "honourable and lasting peace," "the basis," "haughty pretensions of ecclesiastical ambition," all of which means simply—bosh! being composed in the Town Clerk or Recorder's back office by the smartest of his articulated clerks, and being as much understood by the Corporation who sign it, as it is by the Sovereign to whom it is read.

Not much light has been thrown upon the American question. The Yankee papers, which were expected to "flare up" tremendously on the receipt of the notorious leading article in the "Times," have taken themselves quietly, and written calmly and sensibly on the question. The President's message, which will shortly be published, will, it is anticipated, touch on the question of recruiting for the British Legion and other vexed points; but Jonathan has too keen an eye to business to cause any suspension in trade, or even alarm, to his merchants. Talk about England having become utterly commercial and sordid; we are nothing in the respect to America! This point is even allowed by some of the Yankee themselves, who sneer at London as "the mere seat of the British Government, not the centre of its power," and intend to take their cue for peace or war from Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham.

With all my endeavours to glean the best information possible from accurate sources, I cannot as yet ascertain whether these rumours of an intended dissolution are correct or not. Mr. O'Ryan, Q.C., with his large white waistcoat, strident voice, and jolly face, is dining with "him" the editor of the "Star." "Dissolve, Sir?" says O'Ryan. "Is it to be dissolved? And for why? Because that young Polytechnic-talking, mechanics-institute-haunting Lord Stanley wouldn't join him? Is it that Pam'll dissolve? You don't know him, mei dyar fellow. Pam'll stand to the last—the country's with him—Dizzy's blown upon everywhere, and the only people who are more hated than Bright and Cobden, are Gladstone and Graham." And Flimsy thinks this last view of the question rather a sharp one, and turns it into an article for the next evening's "Star." But at the other end of the room, Jankins is giving a dinner to a few friends—Jankins, who holds land in Essex, and believes in the "Morning Herald," as the cleverest publication in the world. And to that he recites the names of that wonderful band of brothers which is to stand up in opposition, and send the Ministry flying from their seats. One thing I firmly believe, and that is, that there is a great split in the Conservative party. Their daily and weekly organs are always sparring, and the steady old fogies who for years have stuck to the "Herald" and "Standard," are alarmed at the levity of the "Press"—a levity which, ponderous as it is, shines like a will o' the wisp beside the solemn dullness of its elder Conservative brethren.

There is a very curious story running the round of city men's gossip, connected with one of the chief officials of one of the Metropolitan railways. This gentleman, whose salary was £600 a year, was to be allowed a large per centage on all the savings he effected in the yearly working cost to the Company, and he has laid by somewhere about thirty thousand pounds! An examination has, it is said, proved that he has effected savings in the annual cost by taking it out of the capital!—that is to say, instead of having old engines, carriages, &c., repaired, he caused new ones to be built; and as his per centage was on the saving from the annual repairs expense, he did very well. He was a director of coal companies, steamboat companies, &c., and it is believed the railway company have had to bear their share of the expense of these. At all events, he is at present suspended, while the affair is undergoing inquiry. Of course, at present, it would be dangerous to say more; when all is patent, I will let you know the result.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.—LITERARY GOSSIP.

"Blackwood" for this month opens with the concluding portion of "Zaidee," a story which has run to thirty-five chapters, and by its quiet writing, clever description, and natural dialogue and situations, has well sustained its interest from first to last. The second paper, on "Sinnors and Lay Patronage, Historically and Morally Considered," is, and I do not blush to say it, beyond my compass of criticism. I think, Sir, your readers will agree with me that it is better for a reviewer candidly to avow his inability to deal with a difficult and somewhat abstruse subject, rather than vump up an article which, however easily it might read, would give no information, and could not possibly convey an opinion to be relied upon. The third article, called "Illustrations of Herodotus," and founded on two books by Mr. Talboys Wheeler, one "The Geography of Herodotus," the other "The Life and Travels of Herodotus," commences with a short discussion upon the vexed question of the necessity of classical proficiency, that is to say, the accurate and grammatical knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, in a liberal education; the result arrived at by the writer being that these studies must be neither slighted nor made too much of, and that, life being so short, no one branch of education can claim the right to be exclusively pursued, but time must be left time for other less dignified, but still essential and indispensable studies. For old Herodotus himself, the writer of this article has a warm and kindly feeling, declaring that there is no one among the ancients who has done more for universal knowledge, and no teacher who has taught in a more modest and genial manner; and the present expounder, Mr. Wheeler, gets great credit for the vast store of modern research he has brought to bear on his subject, and for the fact that, instead of producing a mere dry collection of facts, he has worked with zeal and assiduity, and ushered his author into notice with much reverential and affectionate care. The whole article is written in a pleasant genial spirit.

The continuation of the series on "Modern Light Literature," treating of "Art," is very severe upon Mr. Ruskin, taking him to task for his criticism on last year's Academy Exhibition, and being more especially "down upon" his admiration of Mr. Millais' picture of the "Pines." After pleasantly flaying Mr. Ruskin, and declaring that, though a great artist (in the sense of word-painter), he is no great authority in art, the writer is courteous to Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," gives a few words of well-deserved praise to Mr. Leslie's "Handbook for Young Painters," sneers at Lord Napier's "Modern Painters at Naples" as a pure dilettante production, from which neither instruction is to be derived, and finishes with a sharp attack against Mr. Street's "Black and Marble Architecture in Italy." A good statistical, and thoroughly Blackwoodian article, on "Our Rural Population and the War," evidently called forth by the recent "Times" paper on the depopulation of the Highlands, and an affectionate tribute to the memory of the Rev. John Eagles, author of "The Sketcher," and contributor to the pages of "Maga," conclude the Number.

"Fisher," Mr. Wilkie Collins concludes his very excellent story, "Redskins of Winstock Abbey," certainly one of the best of its kind. Collins has a facility for dealing with the marvellous, and for mingling fantastic ideas with the details of ordinary domestic life. Many of our readers will doubtless recollect a paper, called "A Terribly Strange Bed," which appeared in "Household Words," and was from his pen. Here is also the commencement of a series of papers called "Friends in Countryside," evidently by Mr. Arthur Helps; a good review of Lewis's "Life of Goethe," a pleasant paper on the old Belgian town of Louvain; an interesting article called "Sutlers in Camp," giving a description of the misery suffered before the arrival of these long-looked-for persons, and of their various methods of allaying it at a profit to themselves. "Bentley" is dull, very dull. There is a very readable magazine article by Mr. Dudley Costello, called "The Crimean Hero," and a tolerably good review of Mr. Bailey's "Mystic." Monkhood writes on Mr. Prescott's work, and Mr. Ainsworth continues the "Spendthrift." The rest of the number is simply bad. What can you expect of a story called "The Adventures of Benjamin Bobbin, the Bignam"? or could any one possibly be amused at a tale, the dramatic personæ of which bear the names of "Fitz-Blood" and "O'Flaherty"?

I hear that the Christmas number of "Household Words" will be somewhat on the plan of last year. A number of travellers assemble in an Inn, the paper will be called "The Holly Tree Inn" and each tells a story.

The first of January will see the issue of two new Magazines. One to be published at a shilling, to be called "The Train," and to contain articles by Messrs. Frank Smalley, John Oxenford, G. A. Sala, W. and R. Brough. The other Magazine, price 6d., is called "The Idler." No names are announced except that of Mr. Hannay; but the object of the periodical is said to be "to treat the old corruptions of the world with the old weapons, and prepare for the enemies of truth and justice a rod pickled in classic brine."

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

"FIVE POUNDS REWARD."—SMITH'S "MONT BLANC."—THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THE new farce called "Five Pounds Reward," and produced on Monday at the Olympic, is, I understand, taken from the French, but the name of the adapter was not mentioned. The principal part is played by Mr. Robson, who, as a loving husband, is tempted in his wife's absence to join a bacchanal party, and on his way home meets an old female acquaintance, who asks him into her house to take shelter from a sudden shower of rain. Anticipating the return of the lady's husband, and fearful of the cause of his presence being misinterpreted, Mr. Bostlethwaite (as he is called) hurries from the house, leaving behind him his gold watch, on which his name and address are legibly engraved. The loss of this article fills him with the utmost alarm. He is afraid that it will be brought back—that his wife will discover where he left it—and that her jealousy will lead to serious consequences. Mr. Robson's forte of turning an extraordinary amount of tragic power into a part which another actor would simply render ludicrous, here had full play. It was almost painful to witness the reality of his terror, and his eagerness to scream the real facts of the case. Mr. Bostlethwaite feigns illness, and a medical man is called in, who is informed of the loss of the watch, and who communicates the circumstance to Mrs. Bostlethwaite. In her anxiety to allay her husband's grief at his loss, she causes bills to be printed, offering "Five Pounds Reward," for the recovery of the watch, which, when Bostlethwaite learns, his despair is at its height, and he determines to escape.

The éclaircissement is caused by the arrival of a Mr. Sorrognole, who comes to inspect the vacant first-floor apartments. In course of conversation, he takes the identical watch from his pocket; and on being questioned, declares that he is a watchmaker, and that it had been handed to him by his wife, having been left by some gentleman to be repaired.

Mr. Robson's acting was perfect: on him rested the whole weight of the farce, which is not too clever, and in some parts not a little obscure; but the audience were with him from first to last, and the curtain descended in triumph. I should add that the subordinate parts were excellently filled by Messrs. Leslie, Cooper, and Danvers. It is greatly to Mr. Wigan's credit, that general care is taken in the production of his pieces, and that the smallest parts have nearly always efficient representatives.

On Monday evening Mr. Albert Smith re-opened his entertainment, and on his appearance met with an enthusiastic welcome from a crowded house. The lecture is now divided into three parts, the first consisting of "Holland and up the Rhine," the second "the Ascent" (as in last season), and the third giving various scenes from, and descriptions of, character seen in Paris at the time of the Exhibition. The new views are the interior of the Exhibition, the town and castle of Heidelberg, and the town of Chamouni after the fire. The new characters are a man who tells wonderful stories, and, if doubted, refers perpetually to a kind of "Mrs. Harris," named Holmes—an itinerant Parisian pencil-dealer, a Yankee tourist, and the great type of Anglo-Continental snobbism, "Brown." Mr. Smith seemed in excellent health and spirits, and if possible more voluble than before. The old stories and jokes went as freshly as ever, the new ones promise to rival them in popularity, and the new season has commenced in the most promising manner.

Mr. Buckstone having made a successful tour in the provinces with Miss Reynolds and the Spanish Dancers, has returned to the Haymarket—where business has been languishing in his absence—as Marplot in the "Busy Body."

Mr. Webster has returned to the Adelphi, re-appearing in "Janet Riddle," and been received with that applause which always awaits him, and which he well deserves.

For his Christmas piece at this house, Mr. Mark Lemon has chosen the subject of "Jack and the Beanstalk." The Giant will be played by Mr. Paul Bedford, and Jack by—whom do you think? Madame Celeste! A fief, upon my word! The part was originally written for Miss Mary Keeley, who would have looked it admirably and played it well, but "the directors" coveted it for herself, and has taken it. This is not as it should be. Madame Celeste, who in pantomime and melodramatic action, where the author's words are not much cared about (say Fitzball's, for instance), is excellent; but could you find anybody in London so unfitted for burlesque, where every word should be not only pronounced, but properly and meaningfully accented, and where the mere tone of the voice may bring glory or dishonour to the author! Poor Mr. Mark Lemon! He has taken many good pieces from the French, and he will now do penance by having his tongue robbed of half its accent and all its sense by a daughter of the ill-used country. Mr. Wright, I believe, returns to the Adelphi at Christmas, when Mr. and Mrs. Keeley will again enjoy a short holiday.

The Covent Garden pantomime is founded on the meeting of Henry of England and Francis of France on the far-famed Cloth of Gold, and will eclipse anything that has hitherto been done in the way of splendour of decoration. The scenery will all be painted by Mr. William Beverley; and when I tell you that, I have said enough. By the way, in my article the week before last, I omitted to mention the name of Mr. Dorrington as one of the gentlemen who have "invented" the comic business. All the ballet arrangements and general superintendence are managed by Mr. Augustus Harris, and Mr. Flexmore will be the clown.

Literature.

Little Dorrit. No. 1. By CHARLES DICKENS. Bradbury and Evans.

THE first inquiry one naturally makes about an author's new book, is, how does it show as to his progress? As thinker, or artist, is he advancing? Dickens is not a man who develops as an artist, though, being an active observer, he is perpetually acquiring new material. To speak more distinctly, he does not become more finished and harmonious an architect, either of characters or of narrative. If his riches increase, his faults increase likewise. In "Bleak House," his deficiencies of construction were as apparent, and also his oddities of manner, as in any previous performance. At the same time he had accumulated a vast deal more material, and in that respect "Little Dorrit" is (in due course) an advance upon "Bleak House." It is to his honour that he honestly makes story-telling his business, and feeds his mind and heart incessantly with new experience. He wishes to be real and faithful in his mission of painting human life; but he does not go beyond a certain stage in the finish of his delineations. It may be that his genius wants symmetry, or that it is too self-conscious, or that it has too little self-control; and it may be, also, that (much to his credit morally) he cares more for pouring himself, and his feeling, and his opinion, out, than for creating works of art. Nature is responsible for the chief part of this, of course. But it is also an important fact, that his resolute determination to have what is familiarly called a "purpose,"—to have some object (political or social) beyond the artistic one—colours all he does, and importantly affects its execution. There are two ways of painting: you may paint for painting's sake, and leave your work to tell its own moral; or you may paint, and insist on the application of every object into the bargain—you may paint what shall be at once a painting and a lecture, just as some painters on canvas have made their devils look like individual men they hated. But you cannot have both merits in one work. Now, Dickens's is the last of these plans; he paints and lectures. His Lady Dedlock is not (we take one example at random) only a proud woman, scorned by the world, but there is a something else present in the delineation by which you are made to see that the author is not friendly to fashionable life itself, and wishes to leave an impression of the darker side of it. This kind of thing has various disadvantages; it produces a digressive, allusive way of describing, which mars style; and it provokes antagonistic and controversial feelings, which mar artistic enjoyment.

Dickens's first quality—the basis of his genius—is susceptibility. He feels external objects with a sensitiveness like a daguerreotype plate. He is "tremblingly alive all over." Everything about him is quick—feeling, vision, and all. But he wants repose of intellect, and his feelings run off with him before his wonderful eyes have had time to finish their business. Colour predominates over form, sensibility over insight, in his works. Hence he astonishes and excites with a power that is intoxicating, but leaves little in the way of definite thought. Hence he has impressed the sensibilities of his countrymen so universally (the heart being fortunately universal); but has not, in any equal proportion, helped to cultivate the minds of the cultivated minority. Far superior to Thackeray in romance, he is as inferior to him in philosophy.

Let us open "Little Dorrit" again (we have read it with much intellectual enjoyment), and see how it illustrates his genius. This is a critic's business, though criticism (beyond a vague howling of what the so-called critic has felt on the surface of him, and wishes to communicate, like—say the measles!) is one of the rarest things going.

The Marseilles chapter—two prisoners in prison on a hot day, Frenchman and Italian contrasted—opens the book. It is superfluous to say that there is marvellous power here,—that we postulate all along in speaking of the man; but what is the kind of power?

No man puts you more in contact physically—so to speak—with his accessories and details, than Dickens. Problem being to make the chapter feel hot, and reflect the day described—hot as one of the stones on the beach—why, there he beats all the world. A vast accumulation of details is the mode employed. He makes an inventory of the articles in the prison, one by one, for instance, not a tithe of which would occur to any other man, and which evidence his observation. It is the perfection of forcible writing, of the reproduction of sensible impressions; and has the regular Dickensian swing of style—a self-conscious rollicking of enjoyment in the description, like the play of person with which an actor delivers a vivid bit of description. "Strangers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets," &c. Then, there are touches of fancy, such as that in which he says of the stare, "Grant it but a chink or key-hole, and it shot in like a white-hot arrow," and the description of the man Rigaud's moustache, shot with red. There is also considerable over-doing in the way of repetition, the prison being "like a well, like a vault, like a tomb." In short, it is a fierce bit of description; the details shower on you, so abundantly, that the unity, the calm, the deep rest which there is in such a Mediterranean day, is forgotten. It stimulates rather than satisfies; though it is marvellously done in that kind of way.

Turn now to the men in the centre of this sitting. They fix themselves at once on the attention, and we know nothing of Dickens's better done. His forte in such matters, is a certain dramatic attention which he pays to making the physical features, little gestures (all the "asides"), and minute points for the eye—he is determined to strike your eye—all light up and realise his conception of the character. Take a bit:—

"What an infernal hole this is!" said Monsieur Rigaud, breaking a long pause. "Look at the light of day. Day? The light of yesterday week, the light of six months ago, the light of six years ago. So slack and dead!" It came languishing down a square funnel that blinded a window in the staircase wall, through which the sky was never seen—nor anything else. "Cavalletto," said Monsieur Rigaud, suddenly withdrawing his gaze from this funnel, to which they had both involuntarily turned their eyes, "you know me for a gentleman?"

"Surely, surely!"

"How long have we been here?"

"I, eleven weeks, to-morrow night at midnight. You, nine weeks and three days, at five this afternoon."

"Have I ever done anything here? Ever touched the broom, or spread the mats, or rolled them up, or found the draughts, or collected the dominoes, or put my hand to any kind of work?"

"Never!"

"Have you ever thought of looking to me to do any kind of work?"

John Baptist answered with that prelatial back-banded shake of the right forefinger, which is the most expressive negative in the Italian language.

"No! You knew from the first moment when you saw me here, that I was a gentleman?"

"ALTO!" returned John Baptist, closing his eyes, and giving his head a most vehement toss. The word being, according to its Genoese emphasis, a confirmation, a contradiction, an assertion, a denial, a taunt, a compliment, a joke, and fifty other things, became in the present instance, with a significance beyond all power of written expression, our familiar English, "I believe you!"

"Ha ha! You are right! A gentleman I am! And a gentleman I'll live, and a gentleman I'll die! It's my intent to be a gentleman. It's my game. Death of my soul, I play it out wherever I go!"

He changed his posture to a sitting one, crying with a triumphant air—

"Here I am! See me! Shaken out of destiny's dice-box into the company of a mere smuggler;—shut up with a poor little contraband trader, whose papers are wrong, and whom the police lay hold of, besides, for placing his boat (as a means of getting beyond the frontier), at the disposition of other little people whose papers are wrong; and he instinctively recognises my position, even by this light and in this place. It's well done! By Heaven! I win, however the game goes."

Again his moustache went up, and his nose came down.

In all the rest of the dialogue part, there is the same thing; every movement of the hand, every adjustment of the cloak, telling at the right time. This theatrical skill is one of Dickens's strongest points. He is apt to make his dramatic personæ talk what would be better, in a novel, left to the novelist himself. But by this plan he gets a degree of movement which compensates. They may talk improbably, or extravagantly, at times; but then, it is talk to which you must listen.

A good number of individuals are set before us, and the story opens briskly and variously. They are all characters of the author's own kind. The good-natured, shrewd Meagles, who has the cant term "practical" in his mouth, but applies it to doings which the practical

proper do not indulge in, amuses us much. Who could doubt the authorship of the following?—

A BEADLE.

"If there is anything that is not to be tolerated on any terms, anything that is a type of wickedness, immorality, anything that represents an evil, whatever it be, and big sticks on it, I shall hold on to it, no matter how long it takes, and I shall not let it go until it is a good deal better."

"I have been in the world more than twenty years in China, no."

"I have been in the world more than twenty years in China, no."

"I have been in the world more than twenty years in China, no."

It is characteristic that, three sentences after this, Meagles goes on to give an account of one of the most sacred and innermost feelings of his life to the same casual fellow-traveller to whom he has just made this speech. By the way, notice here, that Dickens's short speeches are almost always admirable;—but that when a character has to deliver himself at some length, a rhetorical and formal cast is assumed too much, and the writer, full of the thoughts he has to communicate, neglects dramatic consistency, and the language of daily life. There is a common notion that Dickens's strong point is real life. This is quite a fallacy. His strong point is romantic and poetic talent—imagination and phantasy—as you will see if you meditate one of his characters, and try and conceive apart from the halo of fancy, grotesque fun, &c., which he has thrown round and round it.

The said fellow-traveller of the worthy Meagles, is evidently an important personage—Mr. Clennam—the victim of hard "practical" parents, of whom one is a Calvinistic, morbidly fanatical old woman, whose real, stony house is brought out with the same solid reality as the Marston's prison. Judaic Calvinism does breed terrible old hags,—but it likewise breeds another class of women very different, as the impartial reader may see in the exquisite portraiture of Mistress Margaret Montland. Old Dame Clennam's servants, the Flintwiches, are of all Dickens's people the kind we most dislike; and as we can say nothing favourable of them, we will say nothing at all. We shall say nothing either of Miss Wade, till we see whether she turns out better than those tragedy queens, the creation of whom is another of the points on which no sincere admirer of Dickens is likely to congratulate him.

But "Little Dorrit"? "She's a whim" of Mrs. Clennam's; that is all we know of her at present,—and most skillfully is our curiosity piqued about her! Is she to fascinate the dreaming, gloomy Clennam? Is she to be forced to assert herself against the maternal hag?—is old Flintwich robbing and ruining the family?—is Clennam to go through a terrible experience of poverty which shall enable the author to show us the classes dangerous of Europe, with a specimen of whom he begins?—the Meagles being involved in the web as comic and pleasant suitors of his miseries, or perhaps involved in its dark parts through that strange servant-maid of theirs? Who knows? Dickens seems determinedly serious this time, and bent on tragic earnest, political reflection, and wide theatrical variety. We look forward with interest to the progress of this new story; and can only say from this little bit of it, that we see no diminution of his peculiar powers.

WEEKLY OBITUARY.

MONTGOMERY, REV. R., M.A.—We regret to announce the death of this distinguished preacher, who expired at Brighton on Monday last. Mr. Montgomery was educated at the University of Oxford, and about the year 1835, was ordained a priest of the Established Church. He went to Glasgow as incumbent of an Episcopal Chapel, which was crowded to excess; but, unfortunately, there was much religious antagonism between him and his Presbyterian neighbours. On leaving Glasgow, he came to London, and resumed his ministerial labours in Percy Street Chapel. Mr. Montgomery, whilst at college, obtained the highest honours; and, among other things, courted the Muse, which, in after years, gained him so much poetical renown. His leading poetical works are—"The Omnipresence of the Deity," "Satan," and "Father."

LAWRENCE, ALDERMAN W.—Alderman William Lawrence, who has represented Broad Street Ward in the Court of Aldermen since 1848, died at his residence in Westbourne Terrace, on Sunday, the 25th ult., in his 69th year. He was Sheriff of London in 1849, and had he lived, it is most probable that he would have been Lord Mayor in 1857. He was a wealthy and eminent builder in the City and in Lambeth, and an active member of the Unitarian denomination, by whom he was very generally respected. His son, Mr. William Lawrence, we observe, is a candidate for the aldermanic gown held by his father.

WILLIAMS, J., ESQ.—The Welsh papers announce the death of John Williams, Esq., of Bronwydd, on the 29th ult. The immediate cause of his death was the rupture of a blood vessel in the chest: he had for some time been suffering under a pulmonary affection. Mr. Williams, who was born in 1802, and represented the town of Macclesfield in Parliament, on Chartist principles, from 1847 to 1852, was formerly a linen-draper and silk-mercer in Regent Circus, Oxford Street, and a partner in the firm of Williams and Hatton, now Sowerby and Hatton. He was an active member of the Marylebone Vestry, a Radical reformer, and supporter of universal suffrage. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the borough at last general election.

HENDERSON, CAPT.—Capt. Henderson, C.B., Comptroller of the Coast Guard, died somewhat suddenly last week, while he was on his annual tour of inspection, on the coast of Lancashire. He entered the navy in 1808, and had served in the North Sea, the Baltic, South America, and the Mediterranean. He was present at the siege of Acre, and was made a Companion of the Bath in 1840.

BRANFORD, COMMANDER.—Commander Branford, R.N., died at his residence in Piccadilly, on the 24th ult. He formerly served under Lord Collingwood, and was afterwards flag-lieutenant to the late Sir T. F. Fremantle. He had not been afloat since 1820.

MOSLEY, MRS. M. D.—Maria Deborah, wife of Oswald Mosley, Esq., eldest son of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., of Ancoats, in the county of Lancaster, died on the 21st ult., at Chancellor House, Tunbridge Wells, whither she had gone for climate of air. She had been ill for several weeks, and was about the 40th year of her age. She was the eldest daughter of the late General Lawrence Bradshaw, K.C., of the 1st Life Guards, and was married to her present husband in 1835.

RADCLIFFE, DOWAGER LADY.—We regret to announce the decease of the Dowager Lady Radcliffe, in her 80th year, which event took place at Clifton on the 24th ult., in consequence of an attack of cold and inflammation. Her Ladyship—who was Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Richard Creswick, Esq., of Sheffield—was born in 1776, and married in 1807 the late Sir Joseph Radcliffe, who died in 1819. Sir Joseph was the son of Joseph Pickford, of Alt Hill, county of Lancaster, by Mary, daughter of William Radcliffe, Esq., of Malmbridge, county of York, 7th in descent from James Radcliffe, who purchased the Manor of Langley, in the county of Lancaster, in the time of Edward IV., and whose descendants for five generations were settled there. Sir Joseph assumed the name and arms of Radcliffe only by Royal permission in 1795, in compliance with the will of his maternal grandfather, and was created a Baronet in 1815, in requital of his service in putting down an outbreak of insurrection during the winter of 1812-13.

PETRE, LIEUTENANT OSWALD.—We have to record this week the premature death of another youthful and promising officer, Lieutenant Oswald Petre of the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers). He was the youngest son of the late Mr. Henry William Petre, of Dankenhalgh, county of Lancaster, by his second wife, Adeline Maria, daughter of the late Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, and sister of Philip Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby, many years M.P. for Carlisle. Lieutenant Petre was a distant cousin of the present Lord Petre, of Thordun Hall, being the great grandson of Robert Edward, 10th Peer of that title. Mr. Petre, at the time of his decease, was only in his 24th year, having been born on August 15, 1832, and obtained his commission as Cornet in October, 1852.

MERRY, W., ESQ.—On the 23rd died, at Cheltenham, at the advanced age of 92, William Merry, Esq., who from 1809 to 1826 held the post of Deputy-Secretary at War, under the Administrations of Mr. Perceval and the Earl of Liverpool. He was a valuable public servant, and was much respected by the heads of his department, and had retired upon a pension upwards of twenty years. Mr. Merry married early in life, and leaves behind him an only son, Wm. Merry, Esq., of Highlands, Berks, and a magistrate for that county. The latter was born in 1792, and married, in 1820, Anne, second daughter of the late Kender Mason, Esq., of Beel House, Bucks.

LATOUCHÉ, G.—Mr. George Latouché, son of the late Colonel and Lady Cecilia Latouché, daughter of the first Earl of Miltown, died at Brighton on the 25th ult., of a lingering illness. The family of the deceased have long been connected by ties of property and blood with the county of Carlow, and one branch of them are wealthy bankers in Dublin. Several of the family have represented, in various parliaments, the counties of Carlow, Leitrim, and Kildare.

DEWAR, MRS. A. B.—We have to announce the demise of Anne Louisa, wife of David Albenarle Bertie Dewar, Esq., eldest daughter of the late Colonel Richard Magennis, of Co. Fermanagh, niece of the late, and cousin of the present, Earl of Emsayle. She died at Vienna, on the 19th ult., after a short but severe illness, in the 60th year of her age. She was connected by blood and marriage with the noble families of Cole, Anglesey, Wynne, and De Grey.

CROOME, W., ESQ.—Wm. Croome, Esq., for many years a justice of the peace and a deputy-lieutenant for the county of Gloucester, died on the 24th ult., at the age of 74, at his residence, Cornsey House, in that county. His eldest son, the Rev. Thomas B. Croome, is the present rector of Siston, near Bristol.

SARDINIAN RIFLEMEN.

On the forenoon of Sunday, the 11th of November—the feast of St. Martin—General Della Marmora held a grand inspection of that part of the Sardinian army now serving in the Crimea. The scene of this military spectacle was the plain below the redoubts from which the Turks ran on the 25th of October last year, at the commencement of the battle of Balaklava. On the acclivity of one of the mamelons, on which a redoubt stood, a tent was pitched, in which a grand mass was said before the troops were inspected. On the right of this tent, in which an altar had been erected, an excellent band was stationed, while on the left were ranged the regimental colours of all the corps on the ground. This mamelon was crowded with spectators, in the rear and to the right and left of the altar; while, in front and facing it, sat on horseback, in the plain at the foot of the mamelon, Generals della Marmora, Durando, and Toste, and a few French officers. Seldom, indeed, has a general been surrounded by so

brilliant a staff and *cortège* as was General della Marmora on this occasion. Moreover, the beautiful weather attracted a great number of spectators from the English army, who, in their scarlet coats, formed an agreeable contrast with the sober blue of the Sardinian staff-officers.

The Sardinian troops, on this occasion, were formed in open order in three lines, each having a front of nearly a mile in length; the infantry were in the front and centre rank, while the cavalry and artillery were drawn up in the rear. The three lines mustered about 15,000 men, or rather more. Attended by the whole *cortège*, General della Marmora, at the conclusion of the mass, when the altar was removed, and the tent immediately struck, rode down the whole of the front line, from right to left, and then, after inspecting the second and third in like manner, took up a position in front of the extreme right; and the troops then forming in open columns of companies, passed before the General at quick time, the band of each regiment playing at its head. The Bersaglieri marched

ly at about five miles an hour. It is a party of these brave troops the accompanying engraving represents.

Our readers will recollect, that about the beginning of May the troops forming the Sardinian Contingent began to make their appearance at Balaklava. Steamer after steamer arrived with admirable fellows, fully and well equipped for the field. The officers were of being capitally mounted, and the air and carriage of the troops excited much admiration among the curious spectators. Among the troops who thus appeared at the scene of war to take part in the struggle for freedom and civilisation, none excited more interest than those as "Bersaglieri," that is, chasseurs or riflemen. The officers wore plumes of ostrich feathers, and the soldiers were distinguished by a dramatic head-dress, consisting of a bandit-looking hat, with a plume of black cock's feathers.

The interest belonging to this kind of soldier, is entirely owing



SARDINIAN RIFLEMEN.—(DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORE)

military technicalities—the improvements in the science of warfare, on which they are the successful experiment. They present to us the soldier, with all the latest improvements. They are the last development of the first Spanish mousquetaires. They represent the perfected idea, first shadowed forth in the *tercios* of the peninsula. If one of the old arquebusers of the army of Picardy or Piedmont, in the time of the Huguenot struggle, could rise from his warrior's grave, and examine the equipment of a Chasseur of the 19th century, with his dark plume of feathers, his sombre dress, and the terrible weapon fixed to his wonder-gun, he would be filled with all the wonder which the civilised man inspires in the savage.

The Sardinian riflemen were not long in proving their courage. One of their companies occupied the outposts of the Sardinian army, when attacked by the Russians, at dawn, on the memorable morning of the 16th of August, and maintained their position against fearful odds, in such a manner as to entitle them to no small share of the laurels won by their countrymen on the borders of the Tchernaya.

ALBERT SMITH.

READER, were you to ask me who is the best known man in London, I should answer, "Albert Smith." Better known than the most celebrated political characters of the day, familiar as they are to us by Mr. Leech's inimitable pencil; better known than any actor who for the last twenty years has been constantly before the public; better known than any of those mysterious people who we are in the habit of meeting day after day in our various haunts, and yet of whose names and positions we shall go to our graves profoundly ignorant. But suppose I were to return the query, and ask you what you know of Albert Smith, what would be your answer? "He has ascended Mont Blanc, is one of the first popular favourites of the day, and has written many pleasant books and pieces." Confessing him one of the first popular favourites—this is surely very little to be known of one who has now nearly entered his fortieth year; and, so what I know of him, I will tell you.



ALBERT SMITH.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. B. B. B.)

Albert Smith was born at Chertsey on the 24th May, 1816. His father was a surgeon in very good country practice, and intended bringing up his son to the profession. The boy was accordingly sent to Merchant Taylors' School; and the account of his scholastic experiences, how he was bullied and home-sick, and how, finally, he ran away, and found his way from London to Chertsey—all this has been narrated by him in the "Scattergood Family." But even in the boy the ruling passion began to develop itself; and when eleven years old, he was noticed in a county newspaper as having (at a public dinner given to the member for Surrey) "sung two songs in the style of Mathews with a genius and versatility that astonished everybody." From Merchant Taylors, he was sent to the Middlesex Hospital, where he gained several prizes, afterwards continuing his studies at the Hôtel Dieu in Paris. On his return to England, he practised with his father as a surgeon at Chertsey, and went through all the melancholy drudgery of a country doctor's life, which he has since in so many ways described.

In the intervals of his work, he commenced a series of papers called "Sketches in Paris," which he forwarded to Mr. Timbs, the editor of the "Mirror," in the pages of which periodical they appeared; and he also wrote the "Confessions of Jasper Buddle, a Dissecting-Room Porter," into which much of the experience gained in his hospital days, was skillfully interwoven.

In the year 1841, Mr. Albert Smith settled in London, determined to practise his profession, and, as an auxiliary arm in fighting the great battle of life, to ply his pen. But the pen was destined to become his most remunerative weapon. In March of the same year, he published in "Bentley's Miscellany" an article called "A Rencontre with the Brigands," the truthfulness and smartness of which at once introduced him into literary society. "Punch" was just then starting, and instead of keeping it a close borough, as at present, its proprietors eagerly sought for all available talent. Mr. Smith became a constant and valued contributor; in it he first published the "Physiology of the London Medical Student," and the "History of Evening



INTERIOR OF THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, GREAT ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

Parties," which, in the form of a shilling volume, has since had a great success. The *coquette scribbler* was now fully developed: he wrote a melodrama called "Blanche Heriot," which was produced at the Surrey; and soon afterwards commenced in "Bentley," his first and best book, "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury." What "Pickwick" was to Dickens, "Ledbury" was to Albert Smith. Everyone read it, and everyone liked it; the story gave the magazine a swing, and the author was so high in Mr. Bentley's good graces, that he wrote two other serial tales in succession for him, "The Scattergood Family," and "The Marchioness of Brienvilliers," besides innumerable sketches and *feuilletons*. At this time also he wrote several extravaganzas for the Lyceum Theatre, "Aladdin," "Valentine and Orson," "Cinderella," "Whittington and his Cat," &c., &c., which, owing partly to their own intrinsic merits, and partly to the admirable manner in which they were acted by the Keeleys, Mr. Frank Matthews, and Mr. Wigan, were extraordinarily successful. Mr. Smith also adapted several of Mr. Dickens's Christmas Books for the Lyceum Theatre. And now, until the year 1849, Albert Smith was in the height of his literary career, contributing to several magazines and annuals, being the dramatic critic of a weekly newspaper, and writing two novels, "Christopher Tadpole," and "The Pottelton Legacy," and many "Physiologies" of the various classes of London society,—"The Gent," "The Ballet Girl," "The Idler upon Town," "The Flirt," all of which had a great sale. In 1849, Mr. Smith visited the East, and, on his return, published the result of his travels in "A Month at Constantinople," the first of his works in which he proved himself possessed of much greater powers than were needed for mere comic writing. He shortly afterwards produced "The Overland Mail," an entertainment descriptive of the overland route to India, relieved by sketches of character and "patter" songs after the manner of "Matthews at Home," and illustrated by Mr. Beverley, whose fame was just then dawning. This entertainment was very successful, both in London and the provinces. In the autumn of 1851, Mr. Albert Smith made the ascent of Mont Blanc, and on the 15th March, 1852, he produced at the Egyptian Hall, an entertainment descriptive of the ascent, and of Anglo-continental life generally, which culminated his success. Except for a month's vacation every year, this indefatigable gentleman has never relaxed his labours since "Mont Blanc" first started; nine times a week he has gone through his entertainment, and sung his songs, never allowing any real or fancied illness, or any domestic matter, however onerous or worrying, to interrupt the due discharge of his business. There are few that can say as much.

I have given a rough sketch of what Albert Smith has done; now let me tell you what he is. He is a man who has asserted and made himself, who has lived down more dislike and strong prejudice than perhaps anybody living, and who, by his merits and steady perseverance, has attained the position he now holds. A few years ago, to name him was to be howled at. Gent, snob, *charlatan*, all the pleasant names which an envious brotherhood of the press could invent, and an ignorant public appreciate, were hurled at him. His "History of the Gent" was wittily declared to be his own life, and the joke was pronounced excellent; it is good even now, and was told me with many chuckles by a hot-headed old gentleman, last year, who had been three times to the Egyptian Hall, and was unable to find even standing-room. Though now the impersonation of success, he has had many failures, many periodicals "killed under him," as they say—to wit, "The Man in the Moon," "The Month," "Gavarni in London," &c., &c.; but he was never daunted. Perseverance is his chief quality, and the success of his entertainment may in a great measure be attributed to this, and to the fact that, being a notorious hater of all conventionalities, he brought into the profession in which he is now engaged an amount of practical common sense which utterly refused to accept things as they were, simply because they had long been so, and put to flight the most sacred theories of those ignorant pig-headed people who constitute the mechanical, pictorial, and decorative staff of a theatre.

Success has brought to him its usual results; the satirists of the day (whose houses are always built of glass) have ceased their attacks on him, and high-class publications, which before sneered at him as a trickster, now praise everything he does. People in society, who were given to understand either that he ran a muck through an evening party, or sat in the corner of the room taking notes of all he heard said, find that he performs neither of these feats; and the more serious part of the population, who look down in sorrow, if not in anger, upon every light writer, have been won to Albert Smith by the kindness which he has exhibited in providing books for the army in the East, and for his beneficence to the poor burnt-out inhabitants of Chamouni. What formerly stood most in the way of his advancement, his straightforwardness and plain speaking, is now accepted and relished by the public; and his sharp observations on men and matters, which were formerly set down as vulgar impertinence, are now lauded as wisdom and wit. The very "Stuck-up People" whom he so cruelly abused are now perhaps his warmest friends, the strings of carriages round the Egyptian Hall, and the knowledge that Royalty patronises the entertainment, having for them the greatest attraction.

This success, which has had so great an effect on the public, has had none on the man himself. He is the same as he was in his struggling days—an excellent son, an affectionate brother, a kind-hearted friend. The accompanying portrait of him is an excellent likeness.

After two months absence, he has returned to England, and has commenced the fifth season of "Mont Blanc," an account of which will be found in another column.

THE SYNAGOGUE IN GREAT ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

THE election of Mr. David Salomons to the office of Lord Mayor of London, has been looked upon by many as a great step towards placing the English Jews upon the same footing, with regard to the privilege of holding public appointments, with their fellow countrymen of other creeds. Whether, however, the example set by the Act of Parliament passed in 1845 (8 and 9 Vic. c. 52), which enabled Jews to hold municipal appointments, by allowing them to omit in the declaration required to be made on their appointment, the words "upon the true faith of a Christian," till then essential; whether, we say, this example will be followed, and the oath required before a member can sit in Parliament be similarly altered, is a question that must be left for time and the advance of liberal ideas to solve. But whatever civil disabilities the Jew may still labour under, he has been for a long time in the enjoyment of the full religious liberty allowed to every form of creed in England—the right of worshipping his Maker according to the dictates of his conscience.

We give this week an illustration of a Jewish place of worship, the Synagogue in Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street. It has been recently repaired, redecorated, and in a great measure rebuilt, and is now the finest Synagogue not only in England, but in all Europe. The building, of which the present is the successor, was originally founded by the body of German Jews in London, in the year 1757, and was then called the New Synagogue, to distinguish it from two more ancient communities already established in the metropolis (the "Great Synagogue" in Duke's Place, and the "Hambro' Synagogue" in Church Row, Fenchurch Street). This building, however, in time became inadequate to the requirements of the increasing congregation. Accordingly a plot of freehold ground was purchased, and, on the 10th of May, 1837, the foundation-stone of the present building was laid by the late Rev. Solomon Hirschel, Chief Rabbi of the German Jews in Great Britain. The Synagogue when finished was far from presenting the same elegant appearance that it does at present; the whole of the interior decorations have been added to it during the present year. On the 17th of February last, a fire broke out within the Synagogue, causing great havoc, and partially destroying the building itself. The damage was, however, speedily repaired, and, on the 6th of September, the building was once more opened for the purposes of worship, and consecrated anew by the Rev. Dr. Adler, the present Chief Rabbi.

We will not attempt to describe the style of the decorations. A glance at the accompanying illustration will convey a better notion of it than the most elaborate description. In the centre of the building is the readers' desk, which stands upon a large raised platform, capable of containing some twenty or thirty persons, and upon this platform, besides the readers, stand the choristers, boys and men, who chant the choral portions of the ser-

vice alternately with the reader. A light and elegant gallery surrounds the building upon three sides. This gallery is exclusively devoted to the female portion of the congregation, it being an invariable rule amongst the Jews to keep the sexes separated during public worship. At the extreme end of the Synagogue is a very beautiful arched recess, lighted by stained glass windows, upon the centre one of which are represented two tablets containing the Decalogue in Hebrew, or, rather, the indication of the Decalogue, the first word of each commandment only being given. Above, surrounded by a "glory," is the name of "Jehovah," and around the recess a Hebrew inscription, signifying, "Know before whom thou standest!" A tablet against the wall upon the right hand side, close to the gallery, contains a prayer for the Royal Family—the only portion of the service read in English, and on the opposite side of the building is the same prayer in Hebrew. Within the arched recess, below the windows, is the ark, which is approached by steps, and hidden beneath a hanging drapery. The ark contains the "five scrolls of the law," each scroll consisting of one of the five books of Moses, written by hand with the minutest care—not printed—and preserved with the most reverential solicitude. Some of the scrolls are known to be no less than 400 or 500 years old. The services are so arranged that these five scrolls, containing the whole of the Pentateuch, shall be read through once a year. At a certain period the readings commence with Genesis. The reader, as soon as he has finished the portion appointed for the day, carefully envelopes the scroll in a handsome velvet covering, profusely ornamented with precious metals, and carries it with the greatest solemnity towards the ark, where he deposits it with every sign of veneration and respect; and as the scroll is borne along, those of the congregation who occupy the nearest pews, rise from their seats, and, bowing humbly as it passes, stretch forth their hands to touch the covering of the holy writing. Thus is the reading of the scrolls proceeded with, until at the end of the year they have finished the last of the five—the Book of Deuteronomy—when the same order is commenced again.

The impression produced upon the mind of a stranger on entering a synagogue during the hours of worship is extremely striking. We found it absolutely impossible to divest ourselves of the idea that we were in some far-off foreign land. The strange, sonorous accents of the Hebrew tongue, in which the whole service is carried on, falling on our untutored ear, and giving rise to no distinct idea within the mind—only a kind of dreamy notion of solemnity, arising from its very mystery; and our utter ignorance of the unaccustomed rites enacted in our presence, seemed to preclude the possibility of our being still within a hundred yards of Bishopsgate Street. The entire absence, too, of many familiar objects invariably found in Christian churches of all denominations, and in every part of the world, although our reason told us at once that they were incompatible with Jewish worship, still served to make the scene more strange. We felt as though we had been suddenly transported into the midst of some unknown race, or that the centuries had retrograded, and we were living with a people of the past.

And yet the congregation that surrounded us were men whom we had probably been in the habit of meeting daily in the crowded streets of London. Once outside the walls of the Synagogue, they became ordinary Englishmen, speaking the same language with ourselves, transacting business, buying and selling—only, perhaps, with a little greater cleverness at a bargain—like ourselves. There is nothing very romantic or poetic about the Jews in general, we own. Yet, whether it was the unknown tongue in which their worship was conducted, as we have already hinted, or whether it was the mere knowledge that it was Jewish worship going on before us, which led us to think of them only as the descendants and representatives of one of the most ancient peoples of the earth, we know not. Certain it is, our thoughts, in spite of us, would wander into lands and periods far remote, and dwell more on the Tabernacle in the Wilderness than on the money-getting Jew of England in the nineteenth century.

While in the Synagogue, the Jews invariably wear their hats, and upon most occasions every man wears a peculiar kind of scarf, called a *tallis*. These scarfs, which are white, or at any rate light coloured, have wide borders, some of them very deeply fringed, and vary much in their texture, from the finest satin to the coarsest woollen or cotton fabrics, according to the circumstances of the wearer, or, in some cases, according to the degree of strictness with which he adheres to the traditional material proper for the *tallis*. We have been informed that peculiar orthodoxy is expressed by one of the woollen varieties, but we are not sufficiently versed in Hebrew lore to say which it is. The origin of these fringed and bordered scarfs is a command contained in the Book of Numbers, bidding the children of Israel "make fringes on the borders of their garments." The scarfs are put on at the commencement of the service, and taken off at its conclusion, with great solemnity, a special prayer being recited upon each occasion.

A large portion of the Jewish ritual is carried on in chanting, the reader and the choristers taking it up alternately, as in our own cathedral churches. The chant, however, is a much more varied one, and more embellished with musical ornamentation, than those we are accustomed to hear. The congregation join aloud in the responses, and every now and then rise in a body from their seats, and bow towards the ark. It is only recently that the Synagogue has had a choir at all. Mr. Philip Salomons, the brother of the present Lord Mayor, first introduced it, some time since. We also understand that, through the exertions of the same gentleman, a much greater degree of decorum and general propriety than had existed formerly, has been brought about in the services of this Synagogue, of which he is a liberal patron, and at which he and the Lord Mayor himself are regular attendants.

We have endeavoured to give our readers as accurate a description as lies in our power of our impressions of the Synagogue and of its service. Of the latter, we did not, as we have already stated, understand a word; nor did we wish to do so. We were content to let our fancy wander dreamily, as we have attempted to explain, to long-past ages. If we had understood the language, we might have heard something that would have sounded strangely in our ears, and made us loath to stay. But as it was, we merely stood spectators of a curious scene, noting as it were the manners of a people strange to us, and musing in wonder on the long lapse of centuries through which that people had preserved its individuality. We looked upon the living, breathing Jews around us as a part of history—a strange anachronism in the present day, having no single thing in common with us but the one fact that they were men, as we are.

However strongly we, as Christians, may denounce the Jew's religion as an error; however ardently we may wish that his belief, like his nationality, were no more, but that he were connected to a better faith, still, while it is his creed, sincerely entertained, we must in some degree respect it. Pity him if you will; convert him if you can; but do not mock his worship—or any worship by which man believes that he is drawing near to his Creator!

"ALICE GRAY" AGAIN.—The grand jury at the Stafford Assizes having, on Monday, thrown out the bill against this woman for perjury, she was entitled to her discharge. Anxious, however, to avoid the gaze of the crowd, she requested to be accommodated with another night's lodging in the gaol, and this special privilege was conceded to her. The retiring disposition of Alice proved an unfortunate mistake. The chief superintendent of the Birmingham police, on his return from Stafford the same evening, immediately procured a warrant, charging her with having falsely, upon oath, a few weeks ago, accused a man, in the police-court of Birmingham, of having robbed her of her clothes and £7 in cash. The charge was dismissed, and the next appearance of Alice was at Wolverhampton. On Tuesday morning the superintendent proceeded to Stafford (having telegraphed for her detention), and before Alice quitted the gaol took her into his safe keeping. The prisoner did not appear in the slightest degree disconcerted. She recognised the superintendent, and without complaint accompanied that officer to Birmingham. On arriving at the railway station, in New Street, she recognised Mr. Cooper, one of the principal witnesses against her, and politely inquired after his health, as well as that of the rev. gentleman, who, she had stated, had a few weeks ago presented her with £4, and who was the subject of her poetic effusion. Alice, the charge against her being duly recorded at the police station in Waterloo Street, was thence conveyed to the prison in Moor Street.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

"ONE WHO HAS WHISTLED AT THE PLOUGH."—Mr. Alexander Somerville, an anti-Corn-law writer, with the title of "One who has Whistled at the Plough," was brought up at Bow Street, on Saturday last, charged with having been in the shop of Messrs. Prew's, tailors and outfitters, High Holborn.

The prosecutor's shopman said, that about a week ago Mr. Somerville came to the shop, and, at seven o'clock, he came to the shop and complained that the coat was not as good as he had expected, and demanded that half-a-crown should be returned to him. This the shopman refused to do, and Mr. Somerville threatened to break the windows with his stick if his demand was not complied with—a threat which on the shopman's continued refusal, he carried into effect.

Mr. Somerville said he had received great provocation; but, as he was aware that it would be no justification, he would not enter into that question. He regretted that he had allowed his temper to get the better of him; but he was willing to pay for the damage he had done.

Ultimately it was arranged that Mr. Somerville should pay £2 down, and the remainder by weekly instalments of £1, and he was then set at liberty.

PICTURE STEALING.—Alexander Bartholomew was brought before the Metropolitan Police Court, on Monday, charged with stealing seventeen oil paintings valued at £4,000, the property of Eugene Pavy.

It appears that Pavy, who deals in pictures, became acquainted with the prisoner some time ago in Brussels. The prosecutor having made purchase of pictures to the extent of £4,000, it was arranged that the prisoner should remain in England in charge of the pictures so purchased. An agreement was entered into between prosecutor and prisoner, to the effect that the prisoner should receive a salary as servant of the prosecutor of £12 a month. The prisoner remained in Brussels about two months ago, the prisoner a month afterwards. The prosecutor engaged rooms for the reception of the pictures at 74, Newman Street, and he had paid £1 a week for the last five weeks to the landlord of the house. He would admit, that while at Brussels the prisoner had the care of the pictures, and when in London he was only the servant of the prosecutor, at a salary of £12 a month. The prosecutor paid the prisoner his salary up to Saturday last, as receipt would prove, and the sum received as salary from the period of the engagement, amounted to £50. After the prisoner had got all he could from the prosecutor, he went late in the evening to 74, Newman Street, asked for a key, and removed the whole of the pictures. He should be able to prove the charge against the prisoner at a future examination, and therefore he now applied for a remand.

After some discussion, the prisoner was remanded, his own recognisance in £2,000 having been taken for his appearance on the 12th instant.

A FORTUNE TELLER CAUGHT PRIGGING.—Matilda Williams, a woman who recently won some notoriety by being brought up for fortune-telling was charged at the Westminster Police Court, on Monday, with stealing a gold bracelet from the person of Thomas Newman.

Mr. Newman stated that, at about 12 o'clock on the previous night, he was walking towards his home, at Piccadilly, when the prisoner came up, and, placing herself before him, accosted him as loose women are in the habit of doing. He repulsed her, and proceeded to his house, a few doors off, when he discovered that his gold pin had been stolen from his breast. He informed a policeman, and they went in quest of the thief, whom they met a few minutes afterwards. She denied the robbery, but was seen on her way to the station to drop the pin. The fortune teller was committed for trial.

COUNTERFEIT COIN.—Sarah Evans and Emma Attwell, two damsels who refused to give their address, were charged at Greenwich with uttering and being in possession of counterfeit half-crowns.

John Spence, landlord of the White Hart, Grove Street, Deptford, deposed that the prisoners entered his house and called for a pint of ale, requesting at the same time that it might be made warm. On serving them with the ale, a half-crown was tendered in payment, and Attwell received the change, 2s. 6d. After the young women had drunk the ale, and when about leaving the house, he saw them smile at each other, which aroused his suspicions, and on looking into the till and examining the half-crown he had just taken from the prisoners, he discovered it to be a counterfeit. He then followed the prisoners, and met an inspector of police, to whom he communicated the circumstance, and having given him the half-crown, which he marked, saw the prisoners enter the Victoria public-house. After leaving, he entered and ascertained that the prisoners had tendered a counterfeit half-crown there also, which had been refused.

Charlotte White, daughter of the grocer, stated that the prisoner Evans entered her father's shop, and in payment of some tea and flour, tendered a half-crown. Seeing it was a counterfeit, she was about leaving the counter to take it to her father, who was outside the shop, when Evans inquired what was the matter with it, on which witness told her she would see presently. A policeman was then called, and the prisoners given into custody.

Elizabeth Holmes, the female searcher, deposed to searching the prisoners on being brought to the station. From the bosom of Attwell she took a portmanteau, which Attwell requested, "if she had any mercy," should be destroyed. The female searcher told her she did not know why she should do so, as she had not examined it, and did not know what it contained, when Attwell replied, "It contained bad coin." On examining it, she discovered seven other counterfeit half-crowns, four of which were wrapped in paper. On the person of Evans, a few coppers only were found, and a small quantity of sugar, in a basket.

The young women, who had nothing but ignorance of each other to urge in their defence, were committed for trial at the next Old Bailey Sessions.

THE SUICIDE MANIA.—Elizabeth Parsons, a young married woman, who appeared in a state of very great exhaustion and debility, and with a face as pale as a spectre, was brought before the Thames Police Court, on Tuesday, charged with attempting to commit self-destruction.

A police constable stated that, on Friday last, he saw the prisoner lying on the foot-path, in the Mile End Road, surrounded by a mob of persons, who said she had taken poison. The poor woman was moaning, and in such pain that he lost no time in conveying her to the London Hospital, where she had ever since remained.

Mr. Porter, acting resident medical officer of the London Hospital, said the prisoner was brought there on Friday last. Some medicine and an antidote were administered to her, which dislodged the contents of her stomach, and she had since been under medical treatment. She appeared to have something which pressed more heavily on her mind than her body, and was in a very depressed state.

The Magistrate—Were the contents of her stomach analysed?
Mr. Porter—No, sir. I wish it to be publicly known that people who attempt to commit suicide are amenable to the law. People are being continually brought to the hospital labouring under the effects of poison.

The Magistrate said there was no direct proof that the young woman had taken poison, and for the want of proof he could not commit her for trial. But, as she appeared to have suffered much already, and, as her husband was present, and would take her home, he would discharge her. He was sorry the suicide mania among women was so prevalent. He had frequently explained what the law was to unfortunate creatures brought before him. In this case, he would permit the husband of the prisoner to take her home, and he hoped her narrow escape would be a warning to her.

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